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THE DICKENSIAN

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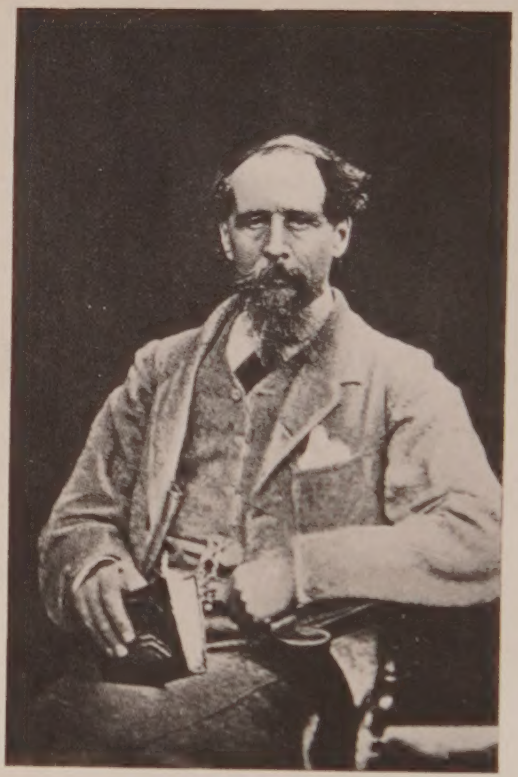

CHARLES DICKENS
(1862)

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

VOLUME
XXXIX.

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THE DICKENSIAN

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VOL. XXXIX 1st DECEMBER, 1942 No. 265

WHEN FOUND—

Forty. Given happier and more settled days the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Dickens Fellowship would have been as fittingly celebrated as was the twenty-fifth in 1927 ; but we look for a real bumper celebration ten years hence to mark our Jubilee. However, no better representative could have been found to celebrate the occasion at the meeting on Saturday, October 10th, than Mr. A. W. Edwards, Hon. Secretary from 1925 until 1936. Mr. Edwards held this office for a longer period than any of his four predecessors, two of whom were present at the meeting and joined in the lively flow of reminiscence that followed. Mr. Edwards's tenure of office began with the opening of the Dickens House in 1925, and continued during the brightest decade in the Fellowship's history ; it included the esoteric Pickwick Centenary in 1927 ; his visit to the United States and Canadian branches in 1932, and ended only after the great Pickwick Centenary celebrations in 1936, which found the Fellowship free from all the anxieties of the past, and at the peak of the forty years. It was only fitting that the present Hon. Secretary, Mr. Leslie C. Staples, should occupy the chair ; he feelingly referred to his predecessor in office, the late S. J. Rust. The members gave a rousing reception to Mr. C. H. Green—the first Hon. Secretary to give his full time to the office. Mr. Green spoke briefly of his five years which culminated in the purchase and opening of the Dickens House. Mr. T. W. Hill followed ; his was the task, 1915–1920, to carry on the Fellowship as a part-time job during the Great War, and it was due to his efforts at that critical period of the Fellowship's history, that the Society was kept alive at all. Last among the speakers were the present writer and Mr. Frank Staff, the surviving members of the Committee of Management (a body of four) who carried on the secretarial work in those dark and critical days which followed the retirement of Mr. Ley in April, 1909, until the appointment of Mr. Hill in 1915.

* * * * *

Unwritten History. On the coming-of-age of the Dickens Fellowship in 1923 Mr. Ley wrote a history of the Fellowship in this magazine. It was quite sufficient for the time ; but Mr. Ley had left London in the spring of 1909, and had been connected with the Fellowship for only six years. However, he had the help of Matz to make his account authentic ; but the minute books of the Council reveal many difficulties encountered by the promoters, that it might not have been wise to publish even after twenty-one years, but which would make interesting reading now. He knew nothing of the trials and troubles of the Committee of Management which carried on for six years after his departure, and of the policy of retrenchment which had to be adopted. The finances of the Fellowship were so strained that the then existing Council provided between them a substantial loan to clear liabilities ; and that for the two years that followed, the office in Whitcomb Street was merely an accommodation address for official communications. The secretarial work was carried on by the Committee every Friday evening in a room kindly lent to

them free of charge by Chapman & Hall. Later the room was let (it was at the time part of an untenanted suite of offices), and a share in a room (on a Box and Cox principle) was obtained in Craven Street. The finances were progressing; and it was not long before the loan was repaid, and the Fellowship was on sound financial basis once more.

* * * * *

To be continued. Some day I may go into more detail on this important phase of the Fellowship's history, as a preparation for the future historian of the fifty years of our unique society. In refreshing my mind with these details by references to back volumes of *The Dickensian*, I recall a fact I omitted to mention at the meeting; that after Mr. Hill's resignation early in 1920 owing to a breakdown in his health, it fell to me, who was Hon. Treasurer at the time, to take office also as Hon. Secretary *pro tem.*, pending Mr. Green's retirement from his City duties which would enable him to accept the Hon. Secretaryship the following June, I find there was kindly mention made of this at the Manchester Conference, as reported on page 156 of this magazine that year.

* * * * *

Dombey for Export. The British Museum Catalogue gives the following translations of *Dombey and Son*:

Haarlem, 1856-57. De Firma Dombey en Zoon . . . Uit het Engelsch vertaald door C. M. Mensing. 3 dl. 12 mo.

Paris, 1857. Dombey et Fils . . . Traduit avec l'autorisation de l'auteur, sous la direction de P. Lorain (par Mme Bressant). 2 tom. 8vo.

Budapest. 1874. Dombey és fia . . . Forditotta Bús V. 5 köt, 16mo.

Praze, 1883-86. Dombey a Syn . . . Přeložil J. Váňo. 3 vol. 4to.

Paris, 1906-08 (in Spanish). Dombey é Hijo . . . Traducción directa del Inglés por I. L. Lapuya. 4 tom. 8vo.

* * * * *

Dickens as a Victory for Humanism. Prof. Harold Laski, writing recently in "Reynolds' News," pays tribute to Gissing's study of Dickens. "I wish we could have the book in a cheap edition, preferably in a Penguin," he says. "I am sure it would add many to the list of Dickens enthusiasts who think he is out of date or lacking in the more subtle aspects of the novelist's skill." Prof. Laski could have expressed himself better, but there is no doubt of his intention, for he concludes his remarks with "Every new enthusiast gained for Dickens is a victory for humanism."

* * * * *

Scrap. According to the "Evening Standard," a Dickens link has gone into the melting-pot. It is the stern-post from the "Royal Charter," wrecked off Anglesey in 1859, homeward bound to Liverpool from Australia on her maiden voyage. Dickens was early on the scene and recorded his impressions in *Household Words*, reprinted in the second chapter of the *Uncommercial Traveller*. There was an article on the subject in *The Dickensian*, 1912.

* * * * *

Great Knell, A Correction. Newspapers are often unreliable, as I have had occasion to point out frequently. But lately I was caught myself in quoting a writer in the "Yorkshire Post." He was surely playing some imperence with us in referring to the village of Great Knell in Suffolk. "Unfortunately for the joke," says the East Anglian Daily News," "Suffolk has no Knell, Great or Little." Thank you, East Anglian.

A Dickens of a Barrage. Nearly every locality has its pet names for its barrage balloons. In a London district noted for its Dickensian associations balloons have been named "The Fat Boy," "Ruth," "Little Dorrit" and "The Artful Dodger," (the last-named on account of the difficulties often encountered in moving it.)

* * * * *

Dickens in Court. Confirmation has come to hand of the Dickens-Weller divorce proceedings in the Australian courts referred to in our Summer number, 1942. A Charles Dickens appeared in the Sydney court, and obtained a decree against his wife for adultery with a Maltese named Sam Vella (pronounced Vellar, and in this case nothing to do with "the taste and fancy of the speller.") One newspaper headed the case "Pickwick Divorce Papers." And now from home comes a report in "The Times," October 15th, of a case heard at Bromley, Kent, where a solicitor named Weller appeared on behalf of a Mrs. Bardell in a case against her husband for desertion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Bernard Darwin was one of the magistrates on the bench at the time.

* * * * *

Dombey Notes. Mr. T. Kent Brumleigh, whose notes on *Dombey and Son* are continued in this issue, sends me the accompanying chart which he has received from Mr. T. W. Hill. Mr. Brumleigh considers this a very valuable reference table for the ready understanding of the ages of the characters, and the years of the events described in the book, so I am printing it as an appendix to Mr. Brumleigh's admirable Notes:

Chap.	Year	Incident	Mr. Dombey	Paul	Florence	Walter[2]	James Carker[3]	Edith
1, 3, 4, 5	1831	Paul's birth and christening	48	6 mths.	6	14		
8	1836	At Mrs. Pipchin's	53	5 yrs.	11	19		
11 & 13	1837	At Dr. Blimber's	54	6	12	20	38	
15 & 16	1838[1]	Staggs's Gdns. gone						
		Paul's death	55	7	13	21		
20	1839	Train journey	56		14	22	40	30
31 & 33	1840	Dombey's wedding	57		15	23	41	31
47	1842	Edith's elopement	59		17	25	43	33
57	1843	Floy's wedding	60		18	26		
58 & 59	1844	House Fails						
		Floy's son born	61		19	27		
62	1850	Floy's daughter aged 4 (?)	67		25	33		41

NOTES:

1. This date may be fairly assumed from the date given in Note 2 to Chapter 15 (see Autumn Number, p. 217). From this date all the details in the above table are calculated.
2. Susan Nipper was the same age as Walter.
3. John Carker was 2 years older than James. If his thefts were discovered when he was not quite 22, James was then 20, and Harriet was only 8 when she devoted her life to John. She would thus be 30 when her brother eloped with Edith.
4. Rob the Grinder was the same age as Florence.
5. Alice was about the same age as Harriet (chap. 33).

* * * * *

Bombed. I was very sorry to receive from the National Institute for the Blind notification, as a Trustee, that the home for blinded soldiers and sailors which the Dickens Fellowship purchased during the last war, suffered severely during an air raid by the enemy. Two of the blind residents were killed, and the Matron and three others were taken to hospital in a critical condition. I am pleased to say they have since made a remarkable recovery. The restoration of the beautiful house "Bannow"—which for many years now has been used as a Convalescent Home for blind people under the management of the Institute, will be put in hand as quickly as ever possible.

WALTER DEXTER.

THE BAGSTOCK BREED

Plain Joe, Sir,—Joey B.—Josh Bagstock Joseph—rough and tough old J., Sir. At your service.

* * *

Bluntness has ever been the characteristic of the Bagstock breed.

* * *

Damme, Sir, there is no use in disguising a fact. Joe is blunt, Sir. That's his nature. If you take old Josh at all, you take him as you find him; and a de-vilish rusty, old rasper, of a close-toothed J.B. file, you *do* find him.

* * *

Joseph Bagstock is a bad hand at a counterfeit. Joe is rough and tough, Sir: blunt, Sir, blunt is Joe.

* * *

Joey B., Sir, is worth a dozen of you! If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, Sir, you'd be none the worse for it.

* * *

He's a plain old soldier is Joe. He is tough to a fault is Joseph . . . He is a thoroughgoing, downright, plainspoken, old Trump, Sir, and nothing more.

* * *

Joey B. has lived in the world, Sir; lived in the world with his eyes open, Sir, and his ears cocked.

* * *

The world peopled with J.B's,—tough and blunt old Joes, ma'am, plain red herrings with hard roes, Sir.

* * *

His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, did me the honour to say, "If there is a man in the service on whom I can depend for coming to the point, that man is Joe—Joe Bagstock.

* * *

The Bagstock breed have always spoken out. Little, Sir, have they ever got by doing it; but it's in the Bagstock blood.

* * *

By George, ma'am, the time has been when Joseph Bagstock has been grilled and blistered by the sun; the time was, when he was forced, ma'am, into such full blow, by high hothouse heat in the West Indies, that he was known as the Flower. A man never heard of Bagstock, ma'am, in those days; he heard of the Flower—the Flower of Ours.

* * *

None but the tough fellows could live through it at Sandhurst, Sir. We put each other to the torture there, Sir. We roasted the new fellows at a slow fire, and hung 'em out of a three pair of stairs window, with their heads downwards. Joseph Bagstock, Sir, was held out of the window by the heels of his boots, for thirteen minutes by the college clock.

* * *

She is deep, Sir, deep, but Josh is deeper. Wide awake is old Joe—broad awake and staring, Sir.

* * *

Sly, Sir—sly, Sir, de-vil-ish sly! . . . But you won't catch Joe . . . Joe is awake, ma'am; Bagstock is alive, Sir. J.B. knows a move or two. Josh has his weather-eye open, Sir. You'll find him tough.

* * *

There is nothing adulatory in Joseph Bagstock, Sir.

* * *

By Gad, Sir, I am warm. Joseph B. does not deny it. This is an occasion, Sir, that calls forth all the honest sympathies remaining in an old, infernal, battered, used-up, invalided, J.B. carcase.

* * *

Joey B. is not in general a man of sentiment, for Joseph is tough. But Joe has his feelings, Sir, and when they *are* awakened—Damme——

* * *

This is the hand of Joseph Bagstock; of plain old Joey B., Sir, if you like that better! That is the hand of which his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, did me the honour to observe, Sir, to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, that it was the hand of Josh; a rough and tough, and possibly an up-to-snuff old vagabond.

* * *

May the present moment be the least unhappy of our lives.

* * *

It is a bad world, Sir. Joey knows a thing or two, but has been done, Sir, done like an infant. . . . Joe has been deceived, Sir, taken in, hoodwinked, blindfolded, but is broad awake again, and staring . . .

* * *

Josh was too old a soldier to be done again, Sir; he was a suspicious, crabbed, cranky, used-up, J.B., infidel Sir. . . . and if it were consistent with the dignity of a rough and tough old Major of the old school . . . to retire to a tub and live in it, by Gad! Sir, he'd have a tub in Pall Mall to-morrow, to show his contempt for mankind.

* * *

An old campaigner, Sir, a smoke-dried, sun-burnt, used-up, invalided old dog of a major, Sir.

WHERE DO YOU FIND THESE?

(*Answers to Questions on page 232, 1942 volume*)

1, P.P.2; 2, M.C.21; 3, O.M.F., I, 4; 4, L.D., I, 7; 5, D.C.1; 6, G.E.2; 7, L.D., I, 10; 8, B.H.1; 9, D.C.11; 10, B.H.19; 11, N.N.46; 12, O.M.F., III, 12; 13, N.N.41; 14, O.C.S.13; 15, O.M.F., I, 5; 16, L.D., II, 5; 17, D.C.28; 18, G.E.34; 19, P.P.7; 20, M.C.40; 21 B.R.72; 22, D.C.16; 23, N.N.30; 24, T.T.C., II, 22; 25, B.R.38; 26, G.E.20; 27, O.M.F., I, 2; 28, P.P.36; 29, D.S.1; 30, P.P.34; 31, O.T.50; 32 B.R.4; 33, L.D., I, 9; 34, B.H. 11; 35, D.C.11; 36, N.N.49; 37, N.N.37; 38, N.N.23; 39, E.D.17; 40, B.H.21; 41, B.H.8; 42, O.M.F., IV, 1; 43, O.T.8; 44, G.E.34; 45, N.N.48; 46, N.N.64; 47, P.P.45; 48, D.C.25; 49, L.D., I, 23; 50, D.S.4.

THE DICKENS DIETARY

By T. W. HILL

V—COOKERY AND COOKS—*concluded*

VI—Olfactory

ONE result, or rather accompaniment, of cooking that merits some attention is olfactory. What a pity it is that cooking cannot be accomplished without making an appeal to, or an assault upon, the sense of smell. Many of the scents may not, to put it mildly, attract, but many of them are pleasant and tittilating to the gustatory instincts, and perhaps on the whole it is not a pity at all, so I will leave the sentence as it is. Does your mouth water as you enter the haunch-of-mutton vapour bath at the Podsnaps, made the more enticing as the bath receives a gamey infusion with touches of sweets and coffee? The other vapour bath of haunch-of-mutton prepared by the Waterbrooks might not be so appetising as it was associated with "Blood"—at least in the conversation. How was it that Silas Wegg made such a shocking mistake when he was about to lay in a stock of fuel to sustain the effort of so heavy a task as "Declining and Falling-off"? His nose deceived him so much that what he thought might be an applie pie turned out to be a weal-and-hammer, and how lucky it was that he discovered that his preference was for a weal-and-hammer.

Another well-known character who could not quite trust his nose was Trotty Veck, who had six sniffs at Meg's basket before he concluded that it contained tripe, and see how widely his fancy ranged: polonies, trotters, liver, pettitoes, chitterlings, and lastly but successfully tripe. Oh, Trotty, Trotty, the cold—on the frosty side of cool—must have dimmed your sense of smell. However, you made up for your denseness on this occasion by sniffing with enjoyment the bacon while you were toasting it for Will Fern.

Short's first remark on entering the Jolly Sandboys was "what a delicious smell"; the cover had just been removed from the cauldron wherein was bubbling the stew that caused the landlord himself to smack his lips. What a contrast to the sickening smells coming in a heavy lukewarm breath from many dinners that greeted the nostrils of Nell and her grandfather at the racing town.

The nose is generally a reliable guide, and we can understand Mrs. Nickleby, in the excitement of being asked to dine with the Brothers Cheeryble, questioning Nicholas on his return from the office whether he had smelt turtle, and, if not, what it was he had smelt. His reply has never been reported, but that does not matter, as Mrs. Nickleby seldom expected any reply to her wandering remarks.

Do you remember Little Paul Dombey's home at Brighton? At half-past nine every evening there was the odour of a warm sweetbread diversifying the prevailing fragrance of the house, which was a smell of building. Mr. Dombey could not be called an agreeable character so we must not be surprised if one of the smells in his house (connected with cookery) was not exactly pleasant. Think of the musty smell

as if the ashes of ten thousand dinners were entombed in Dombey's sideboard ; let us only hope that at the celebration when Edith made herself so " impossible " the smell of the feast which was all the late arrivals (not invited to dine) got was not so repellent.

Special occasions are often stamped on the mind and the smell of sweet cake at Mrs. Gargery's funeral must have been rather overpowering as it could call up sad memories many years afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler were established in their own house . . . a little mansion . . . with a perpetual smell of the day before yesterday's soup and coach horses. Their residence was evidently near if not in a mews, but how would you like to live at the inn where Pip took Estella to tea ? In the room where they had their refreshment the air in its strong combination of stable with soup-stock might have led one to infer that the coaching department was not doing well and that the enterprising proprietor was boiling down the horses for the refreshment department.

Eating houses have their own particular brand of scent and when Miss Tox sought refuge in a pastry-cook's she was accommodated in a back room usually devoted to the consumption of soups and pervaded by an ox-tail atmosphere. I have already referred to Gabriel Varden's temptation at the Maypole, and I only mention it again because one of the attractions was the savoury smell from the kitchen. It was the same Maypole that caused a rise in the spirits of Mrs. Varden, who was seldom very Protestant at meals, and was less so when she saw a few savoury trifles of broiled ham, well cured and done to a turn which sent forth a tempting and delicious fragrance. On the other hand the Temeraire at Namelesstown gave you a meal in a stuffy soupy airless atmosphere.

While on the subject of inns and places where they feed, how grateful to the nostrils of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, on their arrival from America, must have been that street that became a fairy street half-hidden in an atmosphere of steak and strong, stout, stand-up English beer — fare that was revelled in as it can only be by men just landed from the sea. Of course not all cooking smells are appetising, or even faintly pleasant. One recalls the warm greasy smell from the kitchen of Micawber's little inn, mixed with the smell of spirits from the bar ; and, again, within the Lord Mayor's dominion there is scarcely a single chop-house where you cannot sit baking in a hot blast of dinners.

Lodging houses resemble public houses of entertainment in the complexity of their scents and one reads without surprise of the odd smell in the passage at Todgers's as if the concentrated essense of all the dinners that had been cooked in the kitchen since the house was built lingered at the top of the kitchen stairs. A dweller in Madame Pouchet's apartment house in the dull, old, fortified French town would live in a perpetual flavour of coffee and soup. And I sincerely hope that the description of the " grace and favour " apartments at Hampton Court is not literally true, for it is stated that visitors to those hallowed quarters would look steadily into the eyes of their residents and pretend not to smell cooking three feet off. In a palace of a rather different kind, young John Chivery prepared a meal for Arthur Clennam (who had no appetite) and the ham (though it was good enough of itself) seemed to blow a faint hammy simoon through the whole Marshalsea. The boarding-house in the States where Martin and Mark stayed was notable for its air rendered hot and stifling by the stove, flavoured by a sickly gush of soup from the kitchen, but even this sickly gush became a balmy whiff when compared with the smell of tobacco smoke emanating from Major Pawkins's attire.

The steps and entry to Mr. Perker's house, on the occasion of his dinner-party were pervaded by a rather overpowering smell of meat,

doubtless very indicative of joys to come for Mr. Prosee, the eminent counsel.

I have already noted the smell of the Cratchits' goose when Peter and the two youngsters passed the bake-house, and this reminds me that Gabriel Grubb on his way to the churchyard on the Christmas

An un-published Sketch by Phiz for *Refreshment for Travellers, All The Year Round*, 24th March, 1864

Eve smelt the savoury odours consequent on the preparation for the next day's cheer as they steamed up from the kitchen (area) windows. Other underground or semi-basement kitchens in the "Streets—by night" exuded savoury steams of hot dinners that saluted the nostrils of the hungry wayfarer as he plodded wearily by the area-railings. Still another instance is the delicious savour of turkey and roast beef emanating from the kitchen of the inn where the wassail for the Seven

Poor Travellers was preparing. And did not Trotty Veck observe that when one does get hold of a pleasant whiff or so (which isn't too often) it's generally from somebody else's dinner coming home from the baker's.

The Cratchits' Christmas dinner to which I must come back again was accompanied by almost as many scents as there were things to eat. Besides the baking goose, they basked in the luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, realised when the knife let out a long-expected gush of stuffing; there was a smell of a washing day from the pudding cloth; the smell as if an eating-house with a pastry-cook's next door and a laundry next door to that produced the pudding; after dinner the scent of the compound in jug on the hob is not specially named, but as we know that the mixture contained gin as well as lemons we can conjure up the aroma for ourselves; and so also our own imagination must supply the mixed odours of the apples, oranges, and roast chestnuts.

Tea and muffins has been so thoroughly dealt with already that I will only just allude to the fragrance of hot tea and muffins which surrounded as with a fog that greasy, self-indulgent couple, the Tugsbys; and the balmy atmosphere of tea and toast in which Mr. F's aunt revelled.

I think we ought to notice the odour of the roast pork in 'Dolphus's basin, as it was strong and agreeable enough to rouse the little Tetterbys who should have been asleep.

How would you like the kind of bringing-up that the waiter had who partook of his earliest nourishment under the continued influence of the smells of roast and boiled, and soap, and gas, and malt liquors? He must have been some relation or near connection of the waiter who had to eat the scraps and sleep on the coals. He may even have been the same waiter when young.

I don't think we need trouble about the smell of the gruel—or was it skilly—of which Oliver Twist asked for a second helping, since there was not enough of it to make any impression on the sense of smell.

A final reflection occurs to me as a conclusion to this section on smells. Throughout Dickens's books I have not found in the many accounts of cookery any reference to the scent of onions. Cooking would be almost impossible without the incomparable onion. It gives vivacity to soup, life to stew, and poetry to salad. As no one ever remarked before: "L'Onion fait la Sauce." Its absence may render the daintiest dish insipid; its presence imparts sapidity. Dickens does, it is true, mention the onion, as readers of this series of articles know, but I cannot recall any allusion to its fragrance. Perhaps he didn't like its penetrating and individual character. *Quien sabe?* Also *Cui bono?*

VII—Laying Table

While the busy preparations are going on in the kitchen, let us devote a few minutes, as would be the case in any well regulated household, to laying the table. Actual references are not numerous, and most of these are rather sketchy; so sketchy indeed that when Kit Nubbles took his meal in Barbara's kitchen there was no cloth at all, although the table was as white as if there had been. More detail is given at the Marshalsea where Little Dorrit is anxious that her father should not miss any of his erstwhile refinements. "A clean cloth was spread before Mr. Dorrit with knife, fork, and spoon, salt-cellar, pepper-box, glass and pewter ale-pot. Such zests as his particular little phial of cayenne-pepper and his pennyworth of pickles in a saucer were not wanting."

Mrs. Clennam's meal was " set out on a white plate on a tray covered with a white napkin." At tea-time however, arrangements in her room for visitors were slight on the greatest occasions, never extending beyond the production of the China tea service and the covering of her bed with a sober and sad drapery. The dinner for the rest of her household was laid on a shrunken cloth at the end of the dining-table. Business at the Marquis of Granby was of paramount importance, and so in the bar-parlour a small tray of tea-things was arranged on the table, although Mr. Stiggins was drinking a glass of reeking hot rum-and-water with a slice of lemon in it. Mrs. Sparsit was allowed to use the board-room (or if she wasn't allowed to, she did) and so had her tea just set on a pert little table with a tripod of legs. Poor old Frederick Dorrit never took any care of himself at all and we are not astonished that Fanny found a half-finished breakfast of coffee and toast jumbled anyhow on a rickety table. For quite other reasons Rogue Riderhood's method of laying the table was just as slipshod; merely handing down the eatables from the shelf, two pocket-knives, and using the pie-crust inside uppermost on the table for plates. The only appropriate adjective is hugger-mugger.

Without enlarging any more on these rather paltry arrangements, I may as well give some examples of more elaborate preparations. We may be sure that the table with a white cloth upon it at the Leather Bottle laid for Mr. Tupman exhibited all the resources of that famous hostelry. We can also easily visualise the pains young John Chivery took to make attractive to Arthur Clennam the meal he laid for him as a welcome to the Marshalsea, but this has received our attention in a former article. The same can be said of Trotty Veck's improvised dining table on the door-step (or on the post). The table for the banquet at the Veneerings' was eaten at a table chiefly noticeable for the rather overdone ornaments thereon, but that would be characteristic of those bran-new people. The new Veneering crest is reproduced in the caravan of camels that bore fruits and flowers and candles, some of them kneeling down to be loaded with salt. The Podsnap ménage provided on the table plate of hideous solidity. There was a corpulent straggling epergne blotched all over as if it had broken out in an eruption rather than been ornamented, on an unsightly silver platform in the centre of the table. Four silver wine-coolers, each furnished with four staring heads, and some pot-bellied silver salt-cellars. All the big silver spoons and forks widened the mouths of the company.

A good idea of a makeshift can be realised by a study of the method of the greengrocer who accommodated the Bath footmen at the Swarry. In his small shop-parlour he had " a couple of tables put together in the middle of the room covered with three or four cloths of different ages and dates of washing arranged to look as much like one as the circumstances of the case would allow. Upon these were laid knives and forks for six or eight people. Some of the knife handles were green, others red, and a few yellow; and as all the forks were black the combination of colours was exceedingly striking."

Rather unkind fun is poked at the table for a Public Dinner: " Three long tables for the less distinguished guests with a cross table on a raised platform at the upper end for the reception of the very particular friends [of the people for whose benefit the dinner is being held]. Being fortunate enough to find a plate without anybody's card you wisely seat yourself at once. Waiters with wine-baskets in their hands are placing decanters of sherry down the tables at very respectable distances; melancholy-looking salt-cellars and decayed vinegar-cruets are scattered at distant intervals on the cloth, and the knives and forks look as if they had done duty at every public dinner in London since the accession of George the First."

There is no record of the laying of the table for Trundle's wedding breakfast except a remark by Sam Weller: "Vere does the mince pies go, young opium eater?" as he is laying out such articles of consumption as had not been duly arranged on the previous night. And of the preparation for the dinner of Briggs at Dr. Blimber's school, as that boy was left in the school-room in disgrace for not having finished his task, he had a round of bread genteelly served on a plate and napkin with a silver fork lying crosswise on the top of it.

Now here is an account that will sharpen the appetite of the reader, as it must have been the result of a good deal of forethought. It is the ornamental painter and decorator's journeyman's wedding dinner that was cooked in the wash-house, and caused the bridesmaids such a number of scurrying visits. "There was baked leg of mutton at the top, boiled leg of mutton at the bottom, a pair of fowls and leg of pork in the middle; porter pots at the corners; pepper, mustard and vinegar in the centre; vegetables on the floor; and plum-pudding and apple-pie and tartlet without number; to say nothing of cheese and celery and watercresses and all that sort of thing."

I like to read about John Westlock's bachelor efforts to assist the fiery-faced matron from the cook's-shop; polishing up the wine-glasses with his own hands, brightening up the silver top of the pepper caster with his sleeve, drawing corks and filling decanters with a skill and expedition that were quite dazzling.

I present a more detailed account, picturesquely accompanied by the freedom of speech of a garrulous and privileged old servant, Swidger, although I suspect that much of his conversation did not reach the ears of the much-preoccupied Redlaw. It has been ruthlessly abbreviated and has lost much of its appeal in the process, and should be read in full in *The Haunted Man* to get its full flavour. "That's what I always say myself, Sir. Such a many of us Swidgers—Pepper. Why there's my father, Sir, . . . eighty-seven years old. He's a Swidger—Spoon. That's what I always say, Sir, you may call him the trunk of the tree—Bread. Then you come to my unworthy self—Salt—and Mrs. William, Swidgers both—Knife and fork. Then you come to all my brothers and their families, Swidgers . . . what with cousins, uncles, and aunts . . . the Swidgers—Tumblers—might take hold of hands and make a ring round England—Butter—my father is a family in himself—Castors—to take care of . . . Quite ready for the fowl and mashed, Sir?"

VIII—Cooks

Having seen the food cooked and traced its history as far as the service I can get somewhat personal and deal with cooks, particularly men. My reason for saying that is that usually in an ordinary family it is the wife who does the cooking; perhaps this accounts for Mrs. Nickleby's curiosity touching what they had had for dinner and how it was put on the table and whether it was overdone or underdone when Kate dined with her wicked uncle.

In noting the number of meals of cold meat I pointed out in a former section that there is no record of the cook behind that cold meat, but we do know who had cooked the cold leg of mutton and the Stonehenge of cold potatoes of which the little Marchioness was forced to refuse a second helping, for she confessed in reply to Dick Swiveller's question: "Do you mean to say that you are the cook?", "Yes, I do plain cooking" and during Dick's illness she applied herself to getting tea ready and making some thin dry toast . . . she brought him some crisp slices and a great basin of weak tea . . . began to work away at the concoction of some cooling drink with the address of a score of chemists . . . pieces of orange-peel to put into cold water and make

believe it was nice . . . if you make believe very much indeed it's quite nice . . . it would bear a little more seasoning certainly.

We know that the Billickin had a cook who was " Professed but Plain ; still her wages should be sufficient object to her to stimulate to soar above mere roast and boiled." We have already seen that Mrs. Wilfer could stoop to conquer in the kitchen, and we are furnished with evidence that Mrs. Milvey could cook : " the smell of roasting leg of mutton below coming up through the floor " of her husband's study. We know that Mrs. Tickit was cook and housekeeper when the Meagles were at home and housekeeper only when they were away. Dombey's cook deserves a mention if only for her prowess on various occasions. It is a pity we don't know her name. It is through her leaving that we fear for Mrs. Pipchin's constitution, which will be giving way if she has to cook her own pork chop.

But I will not continue the catalogue of women cooks.

I want to call attention to Dickens's collection of men cooks ; a goodly company. From his treatment of this subject I draw the conclusion that very often he is speaking from personal experience, else he could not have been so convincing.

Pride of place must go to Cap'en Cuttle. He was a sailor and therefore a " handy man." The captain set about roasting a fowl at the fire in the little parlour. To achieve his cookery with the greater skill, he " pulled off his coat, tucked up his wristbands and put on his glazed hat without which assistance he never applied himself to any nice or difficult undertaking . . . the captain had spread the cloth with great care, and was making some egg sauce in a little saucepan ; basting the fowl from time to time as it turned and browned on a string before the fire . . . pursued his cooking with extraordinary skill, making hot gravy in a second little saucepan, boiling a handful of potatoes in a third, never forgetting the egg sauce in the first and making an impartial round of basting and stirring with the most useful of spoons every minute. Besides these cares, the captain had to keep his eye on a diminutive frying-pan in which some sausages were hissing and bubbling in a most musical manner . . . dished and served it up with no less dexterity than he had cooked it " . . . He then dressed for dinner by taking off his glazed hat, and donning his coat. I should think that when at sea the captain must have been rather a terror to the occupant of the galley ; he would probably be a pretty severe critic.

Next I name the mental giant, Micawber, who was, I imagine, cook in general to his family. I base my surmise on the fact that Mrs. Micawber was often absent from domestic duties for the successive arrivals of children. Then she had prolonged periods of nursing, particularly in the case of the twins. We have also the testimony of David at the fiasco in Buckingham Street when the mutton was underdone. All acted under Mr. Micawber's directions as he " could anything of this sort to perfection." *He* prepared and seasoned the slices while Mrs. Micawber only stirred the mushroom ketchup in the little saucepan. On another occasion we are told that David had known Mrs. Micawber to be thrown into fainting fits (an evidence of her delicate organisation) by the King's Taxes at three o'clock and to eat lamb-chops, breaded at four, and we may depend on it that her Wilkins cooked them as I feel sure she would not be in a condition to do so. When the family were preparing to emigrate, who was it who " directed some attention during the past week to the art of baking ? " Why, Mr. Micawber ; not Emma.

Do not let us forget Private Valentine, who " acted as sole housemaid, valet, cook, steward and nurse—cleaning the floors, making the beds, doing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinners,

dressing the salads (always important to Dickens) and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness."

I include Jack Governor in this gallery, if only for the sake of his genius for getting other people to work—as well by example as by precept (or compulsion). "Always a man of wonderful resource, he was Chief Cook, and made some of the best dishes I ever ate, including unapproachable curries. My sister was pastry-cook and confectioner. Starling and I were Cook's Mate turn and turn about, and on special occasions the Chief Cook 'pressed' Mr. Beaver." I rather like "pressed."

Another man I admire is the Brave, the name Dickens bestowed on his valet-cum-courier in Italy. "The Brave had been cooking supper [at Stradella]. The first dish is a cabbage boiled with a great quantity of rice in a tureen full of water and flavoured with cheese. It is so hot and we are so cold that it appears almost jolly. The second dish is some little bits of pork fried with pigs' kidneys; the third two red fowls; the fourth two little red turkeys; the fifth a huge stew of garlic and truffles and I don't know what else, followed by a jorum of hot brandy-and-water. [One would like to have exact directions as to the best methods of acclimatising unaccustomed stomachs to deal with this conglomeration; and whether it required the jorum as an antidote; it sounds as risky to me as Lady Tippins's series of experiments on her digestive functions at the Veneerings' dinner, so extremely complicated and daring that if they could be published with their results it might benefit the human race.] At four the next morning the Brave is up again fresher than a new-blown rose, producing mugs of scalding coffee when nobody else can get anything but cold water."

Another Brave Man Cook, for he must have been brave to suffer, albeit with trembling, the "scoundrels" and "villains" constantly hurled at him by Major Bagstock, was the wretched Native, who could give his master for breakfast: "a devilled grill, a savoury pie, a dish of kidneys, and so forth . . . nothing but camp fare." He added piquancy to the products of his cookery by collecting "every sauce and cruet round him . . . private zests and flavours on a side-table, with which the Major daily scorched himself." Poor Native! his life cannot have been an enviable one.

The landlord of the Jolly Sandboys deserves a place in this list if only for his wonderful stew; and so does Doctor Marigold, who deposes: "You light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors [not, of course, of their bodies] and you cook your stew and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father"; again "For my Christmas dinner I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters and a couple of mushrooms thrown in."

Little odd jobs can easily be done by most men, and we find that even Pip could toast the Aged's sausage without spoiling it. Fagin was not above frying sausages [were they pork—he was a Jew—or beef?]; the gentleman who blew his brains out first toasted his own three shillingsworth of crumpets to stiffen his courage; Caleb Plummer could boil potatoes for the wooden bowl; Mr. Perch gave Mrs. Perch a treat of a veal cutlet; Trotty Veck and Major Jackman cooked bacon, the one by toasting it openly and naked presumably on a fork, the other discreetly veiling it from the public gaze in a Dutch oven; Scrooge made his own gruel; Mr. Bagnet did not have much practice but once a year he managed dinner for the family; Mr. Wemmick, although he had to get the fowl from the cook's-shop as already mentioned, stewed the steak for Pip—at least I conclude he did, as the neat little girl, as soon as she had laid the supper-cloth, withdrew for the night over the drawbridge, as it was after gun-fire. English history, according to Dickens, provides us with one man cook, for King Alfred

burnt the cakes he ought to have been watching, in which he was no worse than Cap'en Cuttle who burnt the toast and hid it in his hat. But perhaps that was not cookery in the strictest sense of the term. And although he was not exactly a man cook, we might spare a glance at Lambert Simnel, who was the son of a baker, and was rewarded for his insurrection against King Henry the Seventh with the post of turnspit in the royal kitchen.

IX—Some Results

In this section it may be interesting to note some—only a few—of the results of the efforts at cookery which we have been reviewing. Some, of course, are satifactory and satisfying and have already been included above, and I want now to mention one or two results that have not been alluded to.

Here is a prize—a meal provided by an inn: "Once I passed a fortnight at an Inn where I was haunted by the ghost of a most tremendous pie . . . put on the table at every meal. I tried to hint in several delicate ways that I considered the pie done with, as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it as into a basket; putting wine-bottles into it as into a cooler . . . At last I cut a triangle out of it fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Result: the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled."

For a more satisfying kind of pie I commend the imagination of Barbox's little friend Polly: "So this pie was four yards round and two and a quarter deep . . . to punish this boy for having a greedy appetite . . . this boy ate and ate and ate and his cheeks swelled and swelled and swelled . . . and at last he burst."

And of course this leads quite naturally to the remark that schoolboys usually have good accommodation for food. I cannot help thinking therefore that the catering at Old Cheeseman's school was not all that could be desired or it would not have called forth this comment: "As to the beef it's shameful. It's not beef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which, there's gravy to regular beef, and you never see a drop to ours."

If I cannot frankly call a tonic compounded with a raw egg cookery, it may legitimately be considered as nourishment. So it is fair to recall that, for bodily weakness, Cousin Feenix recommended the yolk of an egg beat up with sugar and nutmeg in a glass of sherry and taken in the morning with a slice of dry toast. Bishop gave the same recipe to Mr. Merdle. Every ingredient seems wholesome, does it not? This is evidently written from personal experiment, as we know from Dolby that Dickens took, in the intervals between readings on his tours, a raw egg beaten up in a glass of sherry or champagne.

Talking of tonics enables me, still quite legitimately, to include mention of the results of Mrs. Crisparkle's kitchen exploits; coupled with the filial docility of her son Septimus. He might be a Muscular Christian, but he was always as soft as butter where his mother was concerned. If she thought he "wanted support" she made all haste to the dining-room closet to produce from it a glass of constantia and a home-made biscuit. The contents of the closet included "pickles (walnut, gherkin, onion, cabbage, cauliflower, mixed); jams (raspberry, gooseberry, apricot, plum, damson, apple and peach); home-made biscuits, plum-cake, slender ladies' fingers, cordials (Seville orange, lemon, almond, caraway-seed)." Every one presumably home-made, as there were in those days no parcels or hampers from the Stores. One can see the China Shepherdess saying to herself: "All men are

cowards, and like to be coddled," and then administering the pick-me-up.

Before leaving the subject of liquid refreshment I should like to include a quotation from *American Notes*. I shouldn't like it excluded: "We drank the muddy water of this river [Mississippi] while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives and is something more opaque than gruel." To me it sounds more filling than wholesome.

Meals obtained from eating-houses have been mentioned more than once in the course of this article as such meals are the results of cookery outside the home, but I do not want to enlarge too much on this aspect of the subject; I must, however, include Mr. Tulkinghorn's bit of fish and his steak or chicken brought from the coffee-house; the meal provided for Edwin Drood by Mr. Grewgious notable principally for the service of the two waiters, one flying and one static; Dick Swiveller's bounteous hamper sent in during his convalescence by Mr. Abel Garland; John Westlock's hospitality to Tom and Ruth; everything from the Boar when Pip lunched with Pumblechook; the dinner—a Lord Mayor's feast—which Pip and Herbert shared at their first meeting (not of course counting their fight at Satis House), remarkable for Pip's lesson in table manners, and for the gipsy character of the side-table arrangements; 'Dolphus Titterby's supper, a substantial slab of hot pease-pudding wrapped in paper and a whole knuckle of roast leg of pork with lots of crackling, fetched by his mother from the cook's-shop.

If you have a meal in an eating-house you have to pay the bill, and Mr. Guppy's account when he entertained his two friends, Weevle and Bart Smallweed, is worth recording if only for the sake of the contrast between the tips paid to waitresses a hundred years ago and now, and also the way in which the price of provisions has risen in the same period. "Four veals and hams is three, and four potatoes is three and four, and one summer cabbage is three and six, and three marrows is four and six, and six breads is five, and three Cheshires is five and three, and four pints of half-and-half is six and three, and four small rums is eight and three, and three Pollys is eight and six. Eight and six in half a sovereign, Polly, and eighteenpence out."

X—Figurative

A final section is necessary to see how Dickens uses his unapproachable use of analogy with regard to cooking and cookery. His wealth of illustration is never failing and always fresh. He does not indulge in mere vituperation, great as might be the temptation, like a political demagogue leaving his opponents to "stew in their own juice," or threatening to "cook his goose for him," although on one occasion Mr. Muzzle told Job Trotter that Mr. Pickwick was "settling the hash" of Mr. Jingle. Dickens gets his effects much more amusingly and subtly; as, for instance, when "a ring of savages danced round the Latin Grammar Master in a hamper while two savages floured him before putting him to the fire to be cooked . . . Captain Boldheart resolved that he should not be cooked but should remain raw," or, again, "The inhabitants of the little town of Windsor boiled a witch on the King's birthday and sent a bottle of the broth to Court with a dutiful address expressive of their loyalty."

How expressive is this dialogue condemning selfishness: "Not roast, man, I believe?" "What d'ye mean?" "As you are not to be served for the general supper, perhaps you will do us the favour of not cooking yourself at the general fire."

A change from roast man would be stewed man and we remember Mr. Willet sitting close to the Maypole fire stewing himself slowly under the impression that that process of cookery was favourable to

the melting out of his ideas, which, when he began to simmer, sometimes oozed forth.

And what about roast and grilled woman ? " Wery sorry to 'casion any personal inconwenience as the housebreaker said to the old lady ven he put her on the fire."

Can you not appreciate with a shudder the nausea in the following sentence ? " A sloggy sensation of the lukewarm fat of meat is upon me."

More slogginess: " the eaters of the dinner like the dinner itself were lukewarm, insipid and overdone."

Tilly Slowboy was not a member of cultured or polite society, but she " handed round the baby to everybody in succession as if it were something to drink."

The figuratively moral aspect of food is personified in Pecksniff with his: " even cream, sugar, tea, toast, ham—and eggs ; even they have their moral." It really goes excellently with his moral throat, serene between the jutting heights of collar symbolising the total absence of deception.

Unprepared food is pressed into service in a well-known capacity of usefulness: " Raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye—nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir," and then comes the truly Jinglerian pendant: " Cold lamp-post very good—but lamp-post inconvenient—damned odd standing in the open street half an hour with your eye against a lamp-post."

I cannot leave this fascinating aspect of the Dickens Dietary without uttering a word of warning—not caution, but warning. Beware of waste or of untidiness or slipslop methods in the household. Take heed by the discoveries of Caddy and Esther when they cleared that obscure cupboard during the removal of the Jellybys from Thavies Inn. I give the catalogue of finds complete as it appears in the record ; there is no need to italicise the edibles, they stand out with sufficient plainness: " mouldy pie, sour bottles, cups, letters, tea, forks, odd boots and shoes, firewood, wafers, saucepan-lids, damp sugar in odds and ends of paper-bags, footstools, blacklead brushes, bread, bonnets, books with butter sticking to the binding, guttered candle-ends put out by being turned upside down in broken candle-sticks, nut-shells, heads and tails of shrimps, dinner-mats, gloves, coffee-grounds, umbrellas . . . " One has the pleasant reflection that with this appalling back-ground the interests of Borrioboola-Gha were never overlooked.

These articles on the Dickens Dietary which have been running for two years have shewn Dickens's genius in only one of its many aspects. Food is as necessary to existence as a sense of humour and the combination of the two is irresistible. I leave the subject with many regrets, but with the hope that my enjoyment of the task I set myself has been shared by my readers in the perusal of the result of my undertaking.

HEARTENING WORDS FROM DOWN UNDER

" The last number is a splendid one which our Members have greatly enjoyed. During war-time especially, we look forward to receiving each succeeding issue and wish *The Dickensian* every success in the days to come."—Miss G. K. Jarman, Hon. Secretary, Christchurch (N.Z.) Branch.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP—I. EYES Part 1

Eager, black eyes. ROSA DARTLE, *D.C.*, 20.

* * *

Little, sharp, ugly eyes. ARTFUL DODGER, *O.T.*, 8.

* * *

Small, twinkling eyes. COL. DIVER, *M.C.*, 14.

* * *

Black eyes like jet beads. SUSAN NIPPER, *D.S.*, 3.

* * *

Eyes much too deep in his head. CREAKLE, *D.C.*, 5.

* * *

Protruding forehead, retreating eyes. SAMPSON BRASS, *O.C.S.*, 33.

* * *

One fixed eye and one loose one. SLEARY, *H.T.*, I, 6.

* * *

Chiefly remarkable for . . . a wandering eye. GRUMMER, *P.P.*, 24.

* * *

Two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture. NOGGS, *N.N.*, 11.

* * *

Glittering eyes, small, keen and black. WEMMICK, *G.E.*, 20.

* * *

Cold grey eyes and cold grey hair. MRS. CLENNAM, *L.D.*, I, 3.

* * *

A large pair of dull, fish-like eyes. JOHN WILLET, *B.R.*, 1.

* * *

Large, unfeeling, handsome eyes and dark unfeeling handsome hair. MRS. MERDLE, *L.D.*, I, 20.

* * *

His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably dark and suspicious. MR. JAGGERS, *G.E.*, 11.

* * *

Such strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. GRADGRIND, *H.T.*, I, 3.

* * *

A lustreless eye that reminded me of a long-forgotten blind old horse.—DR. STRONG, *D.C.*, 16.

* * *

A moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of. MRS. GAMP, *M.C.*, 19

* * *

Handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off. MRS. JELLYBY, *B.H.*, 4.

* * *

If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. MRS. GENERAL, *L.D.*, II, 1.

* * *

His bright eyes staring out of his head . . . eyes like a prawn . . . rolling his lobster eyes round and round. BAGSTOCK, *D.S.*, 7 and 10.

* * *

Eyes so much too large for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else. MR. GUSHER, *B.H.*, 15.

A one-eyed man, and that eye was roguish and black. BAGMAN, *P.P.*, 14.

* * *

Weak eyes . . . like the overtired eyes of an engraver. MR. VENUS, *O.M.F.*, I, 7.

* * *

Deep sunken eyes, almost unnaturally bright and piercing. JEM HUTLEY, *P.P.*, 3.

* * *

Big, dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre. BAZZARD, *E.D.*, 11.

* * *

His black eyes were restless, sly and cunning. QUILP, *O.C.S.*, 2.

* * *

The glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. BARNABY, *B.R.*, 2.

* * *

Never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye. CHARLES CHEERYBLE, *N.N.*, 35.

* * *

The beaming eyes of Mr. Pickwick . . . twinkling behind those glasses. *P.P.*, 1.

* * *

Mr. Pickwick looked encyclopædias at Mr. Magnus. *P.P.*, 24.

* * *

Had the eyes of a microscope and telescope combined. REV. CRISPARKLE, *E.D.*, 6.

* * *

A watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything. MME DEFARGE, *T.T.C.*, I, 5.

* * *

A semi-rattlesnake sort of eye, rather sharp, but decidedly bad. STIGGINS, *P.P.*, 27.

* * *

A pair of little eyes that were always half shut up. DR. BLIMBER, *D.S.*, 11.

* * *

One of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. RETURNED CONVICT, *G.E.*, 10.

* * *

Two grey eyes . . . but one of them had no sight in it and stood stock still. SCADDER, *M.C.*, 21.

* * *

With one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. BUNSBY, *D.S.*, 23.

* * *

Bright, eager, childishly-enquiring grey eyes, under his ragged eyebrows. MR. NOFFIN, *O.M.F.*, I, 5.

* * *

Grey eyes, prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them. MR. DICK, *D.C.*, 13.

* * *

Eyes as red as if they had been small suns looking at you through a fog. SOL. GILLS, *D.S.*, 4.

* * *

Exceedingly proud of her bright eyes being so clear that she could read writing without spectacles. MRS. CRISPARKLE, *E.D.*, 6.

STAVE VI

(AN ALMOST-TRUE STORY)

By J. H. McNULTY

"MARLEY was dead: to begin with." So begins the famous story of that foggy and bitter cold Christmas Eve when Scrooge received his ghostly visitors. We know how he spent his Christmas Day after those visits; we know of his meeting with the "portly gentleman" on his way to church, and that he visited his nephew afterwards and spent the rest of the day with him. That is all written in the little book which everyone now knows so well, but what happened when he returned home on Christmas night?

We may suppose that he had told the story of his wonderful dream to his nephew and his guests, and he must have been tired after his very disturbed night, and may well have been looking forward to a night of dreamless slumber.

Snow had fallen during the afternoon and lay white and crisp on the road and pavement as he made his way through the silent and deserted streets on his homeward journey. It crunched under his feet like crystallized sugar, and it made him think of the sweets he had eaten during the day—far more than he had eaten for many a long year. The clocks were striking twelve as he entered the house, and as he did so, he glanced at the knocker. It looked less terrifying than on the previous evening, and he even thought it smiled at him, but that may have been fancy.

He mounted the stairs and entered his rooms and sat down before the fire. He wanted to think over the events of the past twenty-four hours. Would there be any more visitors? His rooms looked very neat, almost as if visitors were expected. He had left things in some confusion in the morning, and the person who attended to his wants and prepared his frugal meals had tidied up with more than usual care as if in anticipation of a visit. We are told that Scrooge "had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the total abstinence principle ever afterwards," but after the orgy of Spirits of the night before, this transition would be too violent.

He sat gazing at the glowing coals and thinking of to-morrow and the years to come. They would be different, that was certain, for *he* was different. Why, he was at least ten years younger than yesterday, and if that process continued he would soon be a child again. Fancy a child on 'Change! Absurd! Catching sight of his grizzly face and hair in a mirror he laughed aloud at the absurdity of the thought—until that morning those rooms had not heard such a sound for thirty years or more. Still, what would the coming years be like? A fascinating speculation, for he was beginning life afresh.

"I will show you," said a voice in answer to his unspoken question. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. I have brought some of my brothers to see you. We are a large and happy family."

Scrooge glanced at his bedpost.

"No, not that," said the Spirit, with the ghost of a smile, "the real thing this time."

In a moment Scrooge seemed to be back in his counting-house, and Bob Cratchit and he were drinking a toast in honour of Christmas and the three ghostly visitors. He felt somehow that this had become an annual custom.

Then the scene changed slightly. The staff of the office had increased; two junior clerks were sitting in the "tank," which was now better furnished than it used to be. Scrooge recognised the two young Cratchits; while he and Bob were in the inner room.

Again he saw the office on another Christmas Eve, but it was a different and a larger place now, with a greatly increased staff. Bob was sitting alone, and opposite him was an empty chair—it had once been Scrooge's own—and behind it on the wall was a portrait of himself. He regarded the scene for some moments in silence, taking in every detail, then turning to the Spirit he said, haltingly, "I suppose I am . . ." He hesitated.

"Yes," replied the Spirit, "but not forgotten."

Then Scrooge heard Bob Cratchit calling the members of the staff together. Glasses and wine were handed round, and Bob, rising from his seat, proposed a toast.

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the memory of the founder of the house on this day that he loved so dearly and on this festival that he kept so well."

The toast was drunk in silence; good wishes were exchanged, and the office closed for the holiday.

He now found himself in a large hall filled with people listening with rapt attention to a speaker who was telling them a story. At times they would smile and laugh, at others become silent and sad; then they would laugh again.

Scrooge listened carefully and caught the words:

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits . . . Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one . . . Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate."

"But that's my story," he cried. "That's what Marley's Ghost said to me, and they are my visitors."

"The story is yours," said the Spirit. "People love to hear it. Christmas after Christmas it is read and recited or acted. It is always popular."

"That's very gratifying, very gratifying indeed," said Scrooge. "I hope they get as much good out of it as I did. It was a great help to me, very great."

He stayed here some time, listening to the story with as much interest as the audience, following their emotions, now laughing and applauding, and at the pathetic passages dropping a silent tear. Here and there, where the speaker omitted some detail or deviated from the exact story, he would cry out in expostulation, "No, no. That's not right," but he was told that some alteration was necessary. The Ghost pointed out that the Spirits had taken up the whole night when they visited him, and the narrative had to be slightly abbreviated if the people were to get home before the morning. Scrooge saw the force of the argument, but he didn't altogether agree with it. He even made the suggestion that, if people really liked the story so much, it might sometimes be given in its entirety, like that other ghost story, Hamlet. The Spirit agreed with this and seemed amused at the literary allusion. Scrooge, too, was rather surprised at himself.

They then left the hall and went out into the street. It was one of those streets where all the houses look exactly alike; even the builders could not have told one from another. The iron railings were the same, and there was very little variety in the half-starved and stunted shrubs in the front gardens. The numbers on the front doors seemed the only difference worth mentioning. The odd thing was that, while all the houses looked the same, the people inside were nearly all doing the same thing. They entered one house and found the inmates sitting round the fire, listening to a voice that came from a queer-looking box. From house to house they passed; with few exceptions, it was everywhere the same. They joined one of the listening groups, and again Scrooge heard the story of his wonderful dream, though this time in

a very abbreviated form. Scrooge would like to have told them how much they were missing, but the Ghost said this was impossible, for, though the people seemed near, they were really several years distant.

The Spirit then showed him the streets of a great city thronged with people passing in and out of the brilliantly lighted shops. They entered one and made their way to the book department. Here were books of all sorts and sizes and colours; beautifully bound volumes illustrated by famous artists; fairy stories with quaint and fanciful pictures; books of travel and novels of all kinds, and Christmas books in a great variety of bindings. He looked over the shoulders of some of the purchasers to see what books they were intending to buy. The first had a book open at a picture of Marley's Ghost; the next was looking at a picture of Spirit, another was The Second looking at Mr Fezziwig's Ball. "Are they all buying the same book?" he thought. No, that was not so, for he found one purchaser with "Treasure Island," and another with "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall"; then he found one reading the preface to a little volume and read the words: "I have endeavoured in this Ghostly little book to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me."

"That's a good wish," he said. He saw many other books being purchased, but one story occurred over and over again.

Then the lights began to grow dim, and the streets dark and gloomy, and deep shadow spread over the whole city.

"What has happened, Spirit? What is the matter?"

"These are the sad Christmases," replied the Ghost, "when all the world is plunged in grief and suffering and sorrow; when the bells are silent, and happiness seems to be dead or dying. Hope still burns in the hearts of some, but it is dim, and faith is growing cold. Brave and noble hearts strive, in the midst of desolation, to keep burning the light of Faith and Hope and the flame of Charity, but it is a hard task. The cloud of sorrow is thick and only the Star of Bethlehem can pierce the gloom. The darkness will pass some day and light will return, and perhaps be brighter and purer for the period of darkness. You once asked me: 'Are these the shadows of the things that Will

Joe Bagstock

One of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only ?' Here is your question at least partly answered."

Even now the darkness was growing less dense ; the light increased rapidly and, opening his eyes, Scrooge found the sun shining through the frosty fern leaves on the window of his room.

He dressed quickly and hurried to the office to be there before Bob Crachit, to catch him coming late. This he did and much more, for " he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed that knowledge. May that be truly said of us and all of us."

And that it may be so, let us listen to the voice of the Spirit speaking to us across the intervening years :

Bring in the shining holly spray
Whose berries burn amid the snow.
Bring in the dim-pearl'd mistletoe
With dusky leaves of faded grey.

Bring in the laurel's vivid sheen,
Dark ivy with its soft embrace
With thoughts of childhood's happy days
Bring Christmas fir-trees' cheerful green.

Out in the dark and bitter night
Frost binds in chains a frozen world ;
From flying clouds the snow is hurled ;
Make Spring within in winter's spite.

The earth is swept with one great spate
Of cruelty, and war, and sin ;
Let love and hope now reign within ;
Keep free this Night from human hate.

While all the world is full of din,
We hear the Angels' Song again.
" Glory to God and Peace to men."
Outside is war ; have peace within.

WORDS OF CHEER

The Clerk to a County Council writes :

" Like many other man I have greatly added responsibilities and anxieties, and fortunately I am able from time to time to find not only pleasure and interest, but a very helpful distraction in your quarterly. I am sure that all Dickensians share my sense of deep gratitude to you and all others associated with the publication."

FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

What were the real names of the following, and in what books do they appear ?

1. Aged, the.
2. Aggerawator.
3. Altro.
4. Artful Dodger.
5. Avenger.
6. Biler.
7. Blandois.
8. Boofer Lady.
9. Boy at Mugby.
10. Brooks of Sheffield.
11. Caddy.
12. Cleopatra.
13. Daisy.
14. Dame Durden.
15. Darnay, Chas.
16. Dismal Jemmy.
17. Dot.
18. Gafter.
19. Golden Dustman.
20. Good Mrs. Brown.
21. Handford, Julius.
22. Infant Phenomenon.
23. Lagnier.
24. Little Blossom.
25. Little Dorrit.
26. Little Emily.
27. Little Nell.
28. Man from Shropshire.
29. Monks.
30. Morris Bolter.
31. Mr. Co.
32. Mr. Dick.
33. Mr. Dolls.
34. Mr. Pip.
35. Noddy.
36. Old Soldier, the.
37. Old 'un, the.
38. Orfling, the.
39. Pet.
40. Provis.
41. Rob the Grinder.
42. Rokesmith.
43. Rumty.
44. Short.
45. Tattycoram.
46. Tiny Tim.
47. Toughy.
48. Trooper George.
49. Trotters.
50. Whelp, the.

Answers will be printed in the next number.

MORE ABOUT POE AND DICKENS

By LEO MASON

IN previous articles* dealing with the literary associations of Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe it was pointed out, among other things, that Poe was an ardent admirer of the works of Dickens from the earliest times, and that when Dickens arrived in Philadelphia at the beginning of March 1842 he sent Dickens a note requesting the favour of an interview.

Dickens said he would be very glad to see Poe whenever he would do him the favour to call. From subsequent correspondence it is established that the meeting was a cordial one and that Dickens promised Poe that on his return to England he would put forward his best endeavours to procure an English publisher for the latter's works. Some three months later, on the eve of his departure from America, Dickens apparently received a letter from Poe in which he no doubt bade farewell to the English novelist and begged him not to forget his promise. The letter was received by Dickens while in New York, but was either destroyed or mislaid and has not been brought to light. That Dickens honoured his promise however is manifest in the following letter† which he wrote to Poe late in 1842:

London 1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regents Park,
November 27th, 1842.

Dear Sir,

By some strange accident (I presume it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam in the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me), I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there, and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth. Believe me that it never, for a moment, escaped my recollection; and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue—I regret to say, in vain.

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for publication of your book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

Do not for a moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection; and that I am not at all times prepared to forward your views in this country, if I can.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

With regard to Dickens's correspondence with Poe, it might be mentioned that nearly all Poe's biographers infer that Dickens had communicated with him prior to the letter of 6th March, 1842, in which Dickens said he would be glad to see Poe. Their common authority would appear to be a statement made by J. H. Ingram in his "Life of Poe," published about 1880, in which he says, "on the first of May, 1841, Poe contributed to the 'Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post' another startling manifestation of his analytical capabilities, in a prospective review of Dickens's story of *Barnaby Rudge*. The correctness of his solution drew from Dickens a letter

* See Spring and Summer numbers, *The Dickensian*, 1940.
† "Life of E. A. P.," by George E. Woodbury, 1909.

of flattering acknowledgement, in which he enquired whether Mr. Poe had dealings with the Devil." There would not appear to be any tangible evidence in support of this statement, and we think it to be a flight of fancy on the part of the biographer. Moreover, Poe's conception of the plot of *Barnaby Rudge*, while being cunningly thought out, differed considerably from the actual one. Also with regard to Dickens's letter to Poe on November 27th, 1842, Hervey Allan, in his comparatively recent and in the main fully documented life of Poe,* says: "Later on, in the summer of 1842, Poe became impatient at not hearing from Dickens on the subject, and appears to have written him again in care of Putnam's, just before Dickens left New York. Dickens did not receive the letter until some time later in England, when he replied November 27, 1842." Dickens makes it clear in his reply to Poe that he received the latter's communication while in New York. As to what prompted Dickens to write to Poe at the end of November is a matter for conjecture; there is no evidence to indicate that he had received a further communication from the American writer. Neither does Poe seem to have acknowledged Dickens's letter. It would therefore appear that in all only four letters had passed between the two writers.

When penning his numerous masterly reviews of books of the period, Poe often made reference to the skill of Dickens, and his critique† on "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," by Harry Lorrequer, otherwise Charles Lever, is of some interest coming as it did immediately after Poe's prospective review of *Barnaby Rudge* published in February, 1842. Charles Lever, it will be remembered, was on fairly friendly terms with Dickens, and the two corresponded quite frequently. Lever had much success with his racy yarns, and Dickens secured his services as a writer for *All the Year Round* in 1860. The arrangement did not work out very well, however, and we find Dickens, in a characteristic note to Wills, observing: ‡"I think Lever will be fair; at any rate I will take good care he is not foul. Have ready for me all that is come of his narrative." However, to return to earlier days, Lever published his first outstanding success in 1839 under the title of "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." A reviewer, in commenting on the book, expressed the opinion that it was so good that "he would rather be its author than the author of all the Pickwicks or Nicklebys in the world." It is said that this and similar statements caused Dickens some annoyance. They apparently annoyed Edgar Allan Poe also. In his review of Lever's works Poe writes:

"The first point to be observed in the consideration of 'Charles O'Malley' is the great popularity of the work. We believe that in this respect it has surpassed even the inimitable compositions of Mr. Dickens. At all events it has met with a most extensive sale; and, although the graver journals have avoided its discussion, the ephemeral press has been nearly if not quite unanimous in its praise. It appears to us, in fact, that the cabalistical words 'fun,' 'rollicking' and 'devil-may-care,' if indeed words they be, have been made to stand in good stead of all critical comment in the case of the work now under review. We first saw these dexterous expressions in a fly leaf of 'Opinions of the Press' appended to the renowned 'Harry Lorrequer' by his publisher in Dublin. Thence transmitted with complacent echo, from critic to critic, through daily, weekly and monthly journals without number, they have come at length to form a pendant and a portion of our author's celebrity—have come to be regarded as sufficient response to the few ignoramuses who, obstinate as ignorant, and

* "Israfel," by William Henry Allan. 1935.
† "Graham's Magazine," March 1842.
‡ "Charles Dickens as Editor," by R. C. Lehmann. 1912.

foolhardy as obstinate venture to propound a question or two about the true claims of ' Harry Lorrequer '—on the justice of the pretensions of ' Charles O'Malley '."

Poe then goes on to say that the popularity of a book is no indication of its literary excellence.

" We shall not insult our readers," he says, " by supposing any one of them unaware of the fact that a book may be even exceedingly popular without any legitimate literary merit. Popularity, in fact, is evidence of the book's demerit, inasmuch as it shows a ' stooping to conquer '—inasmuch as it shows that the author has dealt largely, if not altogether, in matters which are susceptible of appreciation by the mass of mankind—by uneducated thought, by uncultivated taste, by unrefined and unguided passion. It is therefore ' almost an axiom ' that no extensively popular book, in the right application of the term, can be a work of high merit as regards those particulars of the work which are popular. A writer of fiction, who looks most sagaciously to his own interest will combine all votes by intermingling with his loftier efforts such amount of less ethereal matter as will give general currency to his composition. It may be added, however, that the skill with which the author adlower taste dresses the of the popuface is often a source of pleasure because of

Alice

One of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

admiration, to a taste higher and more refined, and may be made a point of comment and of commendation by the critic.

" In our review of *Barnaby Rudge* we were prevented through want of space, from showing how Mr. Dickens had so well succeeded in uniting all suffrages. While he has appealed, in innumerable regards, to the most exalted intellect, he has meanwhile invariably touched a certain string whose vibrations are omni-prevalent. We allude to his powers of imitation—that species of imitation which is the faithful depicting of what is called still-life, and particularly of character in humble condition. It is the close observation and imitation of nature here which have rendered him popular, while his higher qualities, with the ingenuity evinced in addressing the general taste, have secured him the good word of the informed and intellectual.

" But this is an important point upon which we desire to be distinctly understood. We wish here to record our positive dissent (be that dissent worth what it may) from a very usual opinion—the opinion that Mr. Dickens has done justice to his own genius—that any man ever failed to do grievous wrong to his own genius—in appealing to the popular judgement at all. We speak of course in relation to fame. Mr. Dickens has no more business with the rabble than a seraph with a chapeau de bras. What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba ? The higher genius is a rare gift and divine. But the God-assigned office is not a low communion with low, or even with ordinary intellect. The holy—the electric spark of genius is the medium of intercourse between the noble and more noble mind. For lesser purposes there are humbler agents. There are puppets enough, able enough, willing enough, to perform in literature the little things to which we have made reference. For one Fouqué there are fifty Molières. For one Angelo there are five hundred Jan Steens. For one Dickens there are five million Smollets, Fieldings, Marryats, Arthurs, Cocktons, Bogtons and Frogtons."

Poe then proceeds to analyse " Charles O'Malley," observing that there are more absurdities in the plot than he has patience to enumerate. On the other hand he has no design to deprive the devil of his due and acknowledges that " there are several very excellent anecdotes in the book which are very cleverly and pungently told." In general, however, he feels that fine subjects have fallen into unskilful hands, and the truth is that drinking, telling anecdotes and devouring " devilled kidneys " may be considered as the thesis of the book. " Never in the whole course of his eventful life does Mr. O'Malley get ' two or three assembled together ' without seducing them forthwith to a table, and placing before them a dozen of wine and a dish of ' devilled kidneys.' This accomplished, the parties begin what seems to be the business of the author's existence– the narration of unusually broad tales like those of the Southdown mutton." " And here, in fact," says Poe, " we have the plan of that whole work of which the ' United Service Gazette ' has been pleased to vow it ' would rather be the author than of all the Pickwicks and Nicklebys in the world ' a sentiment which we really blush to say has been echoed by many respectable members of our own press. The general plot is a mere thread upon which after-dinner anecdotes, some good, some bad, some utterly worthless, and not one truly original, are strung with about as much method and about half as much dexterity, as we see ragged urchins employ in stringing the kernels of nuts."

After reviewing other aspects of the book, he concludes : " The thing is popular we grant—while that we cannot deny the fact, we grieve. But the career of true taste is onward—and the period perhaps is not hopelessly distant, when in decrying the mere balderdash of such matters as ' Charles O'Malley ' we shall do less violence to the feelings and judgement even of the populace, than, we much fear, has been done in this article."

Following up his line of thought in a review of the works of Francis Marryat, Poe continues : " To ' make a hit ' to captivate the public eye, ear, or understanding without a certain degree of merit—is impossible ; but the ' hardest hit ' is seldom made, indeed we may say never made, by the highest merit. When we wrote the word seldom we were thinking of Dickens and the *Old Curiosity Shop*, a work unquestionably of the ' highest merit ' and which at a first glance appears to have made the most unequivocal of ' hits ' —but we suddenly remembered that the compositions called ' Harry Lorrequer ' and ' Charles O'Malley ' had borne the palm from the Curiosity Shop in point of what is properly termed popularity." But Poe himself

had no hesitation in appraising the true place to be assigned to the latter work, and by way of comment on the *Old Curiosity Shop* he says:

"The great feature of the *Old Curiosity Shop* is its chaste, vigorous and glorious imagination. This is the one charm, all potent, which alone would suffice to compensate for a world more of error than Mr. Dickens ever committed. It is not only seen in the conception and

Sol Gills and Captain Cuttle

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general handling of the story or in the invention of character, but it pervades every sentence of the book. We recognise its prodigious influence in every inspired word. It is this which induces the reader who is at all ideal to pause frequently to re-read the occasional quaint phrases, to muse in uncontrollable delight over thoughts which, while he wonders he has never hit upon them before, he yet admits that he never has encountered. It is the wand of the enchanter.

"Had we room to particularise, we would mention as points evincing most distinctly the ideality of the *Old Curiosity Shop*—the picture of

the shop itself—the newly born desire of the worldly old man for the peace of green fields—his whole character and conduct, in short—the schoolmaster with his desolate fortunes, seeking affection in little children—the haunts of Quilp among the wharf-rats—the tinkering of the Punch-men among the tombs—the glorious scene where the man of the forge sits poring, at deep midnight, into that dread fire; and last, and greatest, the stealthy approach of Nell to her death—her gradual sinking away on the journey to the village, so skilfully indicated rather than described—her pensive and prescient meditation—the fit of strange musing which came over her when the house in which she was to die first broke upon her sight—the description of this house, of the old church and churchyard—everything in rigid consonance with the one impression to be conveyed—that deep meaningless well—the comment of the Sexton upon death, and upon his own secure life—this whole world of mournful yet peaceful idea merging at length into the decease of the child Nelly, and the uncomprehending despair of the grandfather. These concluding scenes are so drawn that human language, urged by human thought, could go no further in the excitement of human feelings. And the pathos is of that best order which is relieved, in great measure, by ideality. Here the book has never been equalled—never approached except in one instance, and that in the case of the 'Undine' of De la Motte Fouqué. The imagination is perhaps as great in this latter work, but the pathos, although truly beautiful and deep, fails of much of its effect through the material from which it is wrought. The chief character being endowed with purely fanciful attributes cannot demand our full sympathies, as can a simple denizen of earth. In saying that the death of the child left too painful an impression and should therefore have been avoided, we must of course be understood as referring to the work as a whole, and in respect to its general appreciation and popularity. The death as recorded is, we repeat, of the highest order of literary excellence—yet, while none can deny this fact, there are few who will be willing to read the concluding passages a second time.

"Upon the whole we think the *Old Curiosity Shop* very much the best of the works of Mr. Dickens.* It is scarcely possible to speak of it too well. It is in all respects a tale which will secure for its author the enthusiastic admiration of every man of genius."

Finally, in commenting on some of the works of Henry Cockton, Poe rounds off his theme by observing that compositions such as "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "Valentine Vox" and "Stanley Thorn," made up of practical jokes, mere incidents and not in the least degree suggestive of thought, are not books. "Neither are these things the basis of books—of which the idiosyncracy is thought in contradistinction from deed. A book without action cannot be; but a book is only such, to the extent of its thought, independently of its deed. 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Valentine Vox' are no more literature than cat-gut is music."

At the beginning of the year 1844 Poe made another attempt at procuring an English publisher, and with this end in view entered into correspondence with Richard Hengist Horne. Horne's reply is interesting in that it re-echoes the gist of Dickens's letter. Writing from London on 16th April, 1844, Horne says: "I have received your letter this morning, and shall feel now and at all times happy in forwarding your views here so far as I am able, in these matters of literary engagement. Just at this time, however, and possibly for some months to come, I shall not be likely to have the power. . . . I should prefer to do this so that you are fairly remunerated; but if the parties are not in a 'paying condition' then I will put you in direct communication

* Written about 1841.

with them to arrange the matter yourself." He then goes on to say that he could probably obtain the insertion of an article in "Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine," but adds that the paper is not doing too well, and concludes: "I shall not at present be able to assist you in the way I could wish."

Thus ended Poe's second attempt to find an English publisher. It was also early in the year 1844 that Poe re-entered into a series of correspondence* with James Russell Lowell and asks "Have you seen the article on 'American Poetry' in the 'London Foreign Quarterly'? It has been denied that Dickens wrote it—but, to me, the article affords so strong internal evidence of his hand that I would as soon think of doubting my existence. He tells much truth—although he evinces much ignorance and more spleen. Among other points, he accuses myself of 'metrical imitation' of Tennyson, citing, by way of instance, passages from poems which were written and published by me long before Tennyson was heard of."

Lowell, in reply, pointed out that "the article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' was fair enough as far as the conclusions the author came to were concerned—though at the same time I think him as ignorant in political matters as a man can well be—in short, ignorant, to the full to be a Reviewer. But you are mistaken as to the authorship of it. It was not (I am quite sure) written by Dickens, but by a friend of his named Forster (or Foster)—the author of a book named 'Statesmen of the time of Cromwell.' Dickens may have given him hints . . ."

Poe was adamant, however, and would not be convinced, and stated: "I still adhere to Dickens as either author, or dictator, of the review. My reasons would convince you, could I give them to you, but I have left myself no space. I had two long interviews with Mr. D. when here. Nearly everything is in the critique, I heard from him, or suggested to him personally. The poem by Emerson I read to him."

By way of comment on the foregoing it might be safely conjectured that Dickens did not write the offending article which appeared in the "Foreign Quarterly Review." On the other hand Forster was literary editor and critic of the Review from 1842 to 1848, and at the time of the article's appearance was on very friendly terms with Tennyson, to whom he had been introduced by Thackeray in 1842. Prior to that date Tennyson had not been considered by the critics, but a two-volume edition of his poems published by Moxon in 1842 brought him to the notice of the literati who saw in him the makings of a great poet.

The exact date of Dickens's first meeting with Tennyson does not appear to have been recorded, but it is more than likely that Forster brought them together soon after Dickens's return from America, and the latter, writing to the former on the 7th August, 1842, says: "I have been reading Tennyson all the morning on the sea shore. Among other thrilling effects, the waters have dried up as they did of old and shown me all the mermen and mermaids at the bottom of the ocean . . . Who else too, could conjure up such a close to the extraordinary and, as Landor would say, 'most woonderful' series of pictures in 'the dream of fair women,' etc."

Dickens's interest in Tennyson was so great that in March, 1843, he presented the poet with a number of his works accompanied by the following note:

My dear Tennyson,

For the love I bear you as a man whose writings enlist my whole heart and nature in admiration of their Truth and Beauty, set these books upon your shelves; believing that you have no more earnest and sincere homage than mine.

Faithfully and gratefully your Friend,
Charles Dickens.

* "Life of E. A. P." by George E. Woodbury, 1909.

Forster also records in his "Life," "I may remark that the then collected Poems of Tennyson had become very favourite reading with him"; and that "while in America Mr. Mitchell the comedian, had given him a small white shaggy terrier, who bore the name of Timber Doodle, and became a domestic pet and companion."

It might be pointed out, however, that in addition to Timber Doodle, Dickens, no doubt, brought back from America the copies of Poe's works, which the American poet had presented to him in Philadelphia. Moreover, the conversation they had had together had never for a moment escaped Dickens's recollection since his return to England. It is reasonable to suppose that just as Dickens discussed Tennyson with Forster, so also might he be expected to have discussed Poe, not only with Moxon, Tennyson's publisher, and other publishers with whom he had influence, but most likely of all with Forster, who as a matter of course would be induced to observe similarities existing in the works of the two poets with a bias in favour of his friend Tennyson. It appears likely therefore that Lowell was correct in his belief that the article in question was the work of Forster, who had obtained some knowledge of Poe, but not necessarily derogatory, from Dickens.

Poe, in reviewing Tennyson's poems, spoke of their creator as "a poet who (in our own humble, but sincere opinion) is the greatest that ever lived. We are perfectly willing to undergo all the censure which so heretical an opinion may draw down upon us." However, he resented the charge of plagiarism, especially coming, as he thought it did, from the much admired Dickens, and as a consequence, Poe prefaced a volume of his poems entitled "The Raven and other Poems," published by Wiley and Putnam in 1845, with the following note:

> "Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed verbatim—without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged."

It was also in the year 1845 that Wiley and Putnam published a volume of Poe's "Tales" simultaneously in New York and London, the first appearance of the "Tales" in England.

Such then are just a few more associations concerning Poe and Dickens. In penning his criticisms Poe always endeavoured to make his critique a work of art in itself—to present his readers with something more than the exact stipulation of his title—to present them with a criticism and something beyond.

It was the art and craftsmanship of Dickens which interested him rather than the humanitarian or reforming principles contained in the novels. In contrasting Dickens and Bulwer, he says: "Mr. Bulwer, through art has almost created a genius. Mr. Dickens, through genius, has perfected a standard from which art itself will derive its essence in rules."

When Dickens paid his second visit to America in 1867 it is authoritatively stated by Poe's biographers that amongst distinguished visitors to America in that year was Charles Dickens, who on being introduced to Mrs. Maria Clemm, Poe's venerable aunt, living in straightened circumstances, generously entreated her acceptance of one hundred and fifty dollars. Accompanying the gift with the assurance of his sympathy.

It has therefore been thought fitting in these days of ever growing friendship between the Americans and ourselves to remember one of the earliest and most outstanding of the many ardent Dickensians domiciled on the other side of the water—Edgar Allan Poe—who met Charles Dickens one hundred years ago.

A DICKENS DIARY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Reconstructed by the Editor)

Thursday, June 30th, 1842.—Oh home—home—home—home—home—home—HOME ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Happier and merrier than ever we were in all our lives.

Friday, July 8th, 1842.—Courier is defunct. Chance for live Liberal Party organ I have so often thought about. Can Reform Club help ?

Saturday, July 9th, 1842.—Private dinner at Greenwich to celebrate my return ; public ones I have refused. Mac., Forster, Talfourd, Milnes, Procter, Stanny, Marryat, Barham, Hood, Cruikshank. All very jovial indeed. Cruikshank perfectly wild, sang all manner of marine songs and came home on my phaeton, on his head, to great delight of loose midnight loungers in Regent Street.

Tuesday, July 12th, 1842.—Macready to dinner. Landor, Mac., and Foster also. Tried magnetism on Catherine and Georgy ; cured a fit of hysterics.

Thursday, July 14th, 1842.—Lady Holland morning. Mitton 1—2 at his office. Courier " off "—financially.

Saturday, July 16th, 1842.—Ainsworth, Marryat, dinner 6.

Monday, July 18th, 1842.—Have a notion to open the new book* in a lantern in a lighthouse.

Tuesday, July 19th, 1842.—First Chapter done.† Broadstairs settled for all August and September.

Saturday, July 23rd, 1842.—Lord Brougham.

Sunday, July 24th, 1842.—Beard and sister for breast of venison at 5. Forster to read " Our Passage Out."

Friday, July 29th, 1842.—Mitton at 8. Macready called ; gave him my introductory chapter to read.

Monday, August 1st, 1842.—To Broadstairs.

Saturday, August 6th, 1842.—Forced to take holiday to-day, so glittering and sunshiny. Getting on well with book, which I shall call simply " American Notes."

Sunday, August 7th, 1842.—Read Tennyson all morning by sea-shore.

Wednesday, August 10th, 1842.—As far as New York—and there must leave it for to-day ; it is going quite as it should.

Monday, August 15th, 1842.—Alfred here ; walked to Minster.

Tuesday, August 16th, 1842.—Maxwell half-past one.

Thursday, September 1st, 1842.—London for a day or two. Awaiting Forster and Mac. wrote long letter to Felton. Day very wet ; fire is lighted ; a piece of salmon and a steak cooking in the kitchen. The wine sparkles on the side-table in this, the only undismantled room in the house.

Saturday, September 3rd, 1842.—Back at Broadstairs ; but very unwell —disordered stomach and beastly headache.

Monday, September 12th, 1842.—Summer come again ; rather slack in point of work, not being in the vein ; nothing but bathing.

Wednesday, September 14th, 1842.—Much pleased with Niagara ; description very brief, but I fancy it is good. Thinking hard of introductory chapter. Dedication—Qy. " To those friends of mine in America, who, loving their country, can bear the truth, when it is written good-humouredly and in a kind spirit."

Thursday, September 15th, 1842.—Isle of Thanet Races. Immense amount of character in the way of inconceivable villainy and blackguardism. Open new book on coast of Cornwall, in some dreary iron-bound spot.

Friday, September 16th, 1842.—In America they have forged a letter with my signature which they say appeared in the Chronicle with the Copyright circular. The felon who invented it is a " smart man " of course. It is not done as a joke and is scurrilously reviewed.

Wednesday, September 21st, 1842.—Holidaying here this week. Regatta to-day and a great flying of bright flags ; very pretty and gay indeed.

Friday, September 23rd, 1842.—Great gales and heavy seas ; tremendous to-day ; waves twelve feet high ; such a sea never known here at this season. American Notes For General Circulation.

* *Martin Chuzzlewit.* † *American Notes.*

Tuesday, September 27th, 1842.—Rogers and Mr. Maltby in evening.

Thursday, September 29th, 1842.—Sea running so high, no chance to return except by land. Cannot open a window or a door. Legs of no use on the terrace.

Saturday, October 1st, 1842.—Return. Dine with Forster at 5. Then to Drury Lane—Macready as Jaques. Great reception; called for by audience before the play began.

Sunday, October 2nd, 1842.—Called on Macready to praise "As You Like It."

Tuesday, October 4th, 1842.—Worked all day until midnight; finished slavery chapter.

Wednesday, October 5th, 1842.—Drury Lane again. Forster at half past four to dine comfortably. To Tottenham to see poor Hone—he is dying and asked Cruikshank to say he wanted to see me specially. Maclise and Longfellow with Macready in his room after play.

Monday, October 10th, 1842.—Introductory chapter sent to printers.

Thursday, October 13th, 1842.—Longfellow is with us; have taken many expeditions; to Rochester to the prisons; among tramps and thieves in the Mint lodging houses.

Friday, October 14th, 1842.—Have suppressed Introductory Chapter—on Forster's advice and against my own inclination. But what is written must be published at some more fitting time.

Thursday, October 20th, 1842. American Notes published, my review of Lord Londonderry's letter on mines and collieries bill, in the Chronicle to-day.

Friday, October 21st, 1842.—Longfellow leaves for Bristol—Great Western for Boston; stays with Landor the night.

Monday, October 24th, 1842.—King John at Drury Lane. Magnificent. Forster, Mac., Stanny, Emerson, Tennant, Serle, in room afterwards. All very pleased.

Thursday, October 27th, 1842. To Cornwall with Forster, Stanny and Mac.

Sunday, November 6th, 1842. Beard to leg of delicate Welsh mutton at half-past five.

Friday, November 11th, 1842. Name for new novel Martin Sweezleden, Sweezlewag, or Sweezleback.

Saturday, November 12th, 1842. Must do prologue for Macready to get the curtain up with a dash and begin Marston's play* with a sledge-hammer blow.

Sunday, November 13th, 1842. Leech to dinner, half past five.

Tuesday, November 15th, 1842. Frith to do another Dolly Varden picture for me; and a Kate Nickleby too.

Friday, November 18th, 1842.—Mitton at four—here.

Friday, November 25th, 1842. Browning's tragedy† so good; thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. Full of genius. Macready MUST play it.

Tuesday, November 29th, 1842. Dine with Talfourd at his chambers.

Friday, December 2nd, 1842. Dine with D'Orsay ¼ past 7. Immense number of letters from America. The effect of the book on the better orders is *decidedly favourable*.

Monday, December 5th, 1842. Called with Forster on Macready about Marston's play.

Tuesday, December 6th, 1842.—Dine at Hood's. Georgina and Mac. too.

Thursday, December 8th, 1842. Chuzzlewit copy makes so much more than I supposed that the number is nearly done, thank God.

Saturday, December 10th, 1842. Drury Lane with Forster. Marston's play.

Sunday, December 18th, 1842.—Concocted a pious fraud with Beard to purchase that picture by Maclise, of the Girl at the Waterfall.

Friday, December 23rd, 1842.—Beard quarter past 6.

Saturday, December 24th, 1842.—With Stanny to see pantomime rehearsal at Drury Lane.

Saturday, December 31st, 1842. See the old year out and the New Year in with new conjuring at Forster's.

* "The Patrician's Daughter," produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 10th December, 1842.
† "Blot on the 'scutcheon," produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 11th February, 1843.

NOTES ON *DOMBEY AND SON*

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

(*Continued from page 217, volume xxxviii*)

Chapter XX

1. MR. DOMBEY GOES UPON A JOURNEY. For the various arguments in this matter see *The Dickensian* 1932, p. 205, and 1933, p. 25. It appears probable that Mr. Dombey's own carriage was conveyed by the railway train, for it is stated that " the native had previously packed, in all possible and impossible parts of Mr. Dombey's chariot . . . an unusual quantity of carpet bags and small portmanteaus . . . a pile of the major's cloaks and great-coats . . ." and it seems improbable that accommodation for all this luggage could be found in the railway carriage after Dombey and Bagstock had taken their seats; without taking into consideration the labour and bustle of unloading the carriage and loading the railway carriage at the station, and reversing the process on arrival at Birmingham.

2. IMPERIAL COMPLEXION. That is, purple, the Roman imperial colour.

3. THE LATE DUKE OF YORK. H.R.H. was Commander in Chief from 1799 to 1827. That was at least twenty years prior to the date of the story, and consequently Major Bagstock must have been about 60 years of age when he met Dombey. (Did he see service in the Peninsular or at Waterloo ?)

4. TITAN. One of the sons of Uranus and Ga; of enormous size and strength.

5. MEPHISTOPHELES. A sneering, jeering, leering tempter. The personification of Evil.

Chapter XXI

1. CLEOPATRA. The practice of giving fanciful names to portraits of their sitters still persists among artists. This particular choice of a name for Mrs. Skewton gives Major Bagstock the excuse for calling himself Antony.

2. THREW WINE-GLASSES OVER THEIR HEADS. An ostentatious and expensive method of shewing an exaggerated sort of chivalry to prevent the glasses being used afterwards for any less worthy purpose, when a favourite lady was toasted by the " bucks." Used also by the Jacobites when drinking the health of the Pretender.

3. GRANGER OF OURS. That is, of Our Regiment. Common form in the army in the last century.

4. SISYPHUS. Son of Aeolius (Iliad). His wickedness during his life was punished in the lower world, where he had to roll uphill a huge marble block, which, as soon as it reached the top, always rolled down again.

5. AGE COULD NOT WITHER. See " Antony and Cleopatra," Act II, Scene 2.

6. REVERSED THE KNAVE OF CLUBS. Until quite recent times the knave in a pack of cards was printed standing on his legs instead of having two reversible heads as is the case with the queens.

Chapter XXII

1. WAISTCOAT LIKE A GORGET. A gorget was a piece of armour fitting closely round the neck: an iron collar.

2. HEMPSEED SOWN FOR YOU. A euphemistic way of saying you will be hung—by a hempen rope.

3. BIRD-CATCHING. Trapping wild birds for the cage-bird market. Then, and now, illegal.

4. WAGGING. Wag, a joker, a mischievous boy. To play the wag or truant from school is not a criminal offence and may have comic aspect till the delinquent is found out. The proximity of Rob's home in Staggs's gardens to the attractions of the *al fresco* fair nearby probably accounts for that young gentleman's propensity for mischief.

5. MR. KETCH. John (or Jack) Ketch was public hangman from 1663 to 1686. He executed William Lord Russell and the Duke of Monmouth. His name has become the sobriquet for all hangmen since his time.

6. APOLLO OF MR. TOOTS'S PANTHEON. A Pantheon is a temple dedicated to all the gods. Apollo, the son of Zeus, was the greatest of all the Greek gods and was (a) the god of punishment, (b) the god who warded off evil and

afforded help, (c) the god of prophecy, (d) the god of song and music, (e) the god who protected flocks and herds, (f) the god who delighted in the foundation of towns and civil constitutions, and (g) the god of the sun. To sum up, the worship of Apollo made the Greeks what they were.

7. PANTALOONS. Originally a garment consisting of breeches and stockings combined, loose above the knee, and puffed; in modern use (in the plural) for any pair of trousers, and frequently abbreviated to pants. Pantalone was a character in Italian comedy, and the garments he wore have become associated with him as a buffoon in modern pantomime.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. GORGON-LIKE. The Gorgons were three frightful maidens with hissing serpents instead of hair. Medusa, the only mortal one, had such a fearful head that every one who looked at it was changed to stone. Hence the allusion and the insistence of it by repetition, once in connection with blank walls, then with cold walls, and then with monotonous walls.

2. EXTINGUISHERS. These additions to the ironwork of a gateway were cone-shaped and were necessary in the days of link-boys (i.e. torch-bearers) who on arrival 'ut out their lights by pushing them up into the extinguishers. A few examples have survived and can be seen at very old houses. Dickens calls them ominous here as they seemed to say "Who enter here leave light behind," an adaptation of the inscription over the entrance to Hell in Dante's "Divina Commedia": "All hope abandon ye who enter here" (Cary's translation).

3. THE BRASS BAND. Street musicians and other mountebanks have now nearly disappeared with the advance of less leisurely habits of later years.

4. STATE ROOMS. An excellent example of a catalogue of the elaborate, costly and redundant furnishing of the houses of the wealthy.

5. DRYSALTERY. A shop that deals in dyestuffs, chemical products, cleaning materials, etc.; originally a dealer in dried and salted meats, pickles, etc.

6. FLYING DUTCHMAN. A mythical sea-captain compelled for ever to sail the seas without reaching port. His name is usually given as Van der Decken.

7. TRITON. Son of Poseidon, who dwelt at the bottom of the sea and is usually described as a sort of merman, half man and half fish, with a trumpet made from a shell.

8. HEART'S DELIGHT. This pretty epithet is from Dibdin's song "Saturday night at sea" (1789):

> "I'll give," cried I, "my charming Nan,
> Trim, handsome, neat, and tight:
> What joy so fine a ship to man—
> She is my heart's delight."

9. HEARTS OF OAK. Epithet for ships (wooden walls), and sailors, from the popular, incorrect rendering of David Garrick's song, "Heart of Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are our Men" (1759).

10. DREADNOUGHT PILOT PROUSERS. Made of dreadnought, a particularly thick cloth, for stormy weather.

11. SCIENCE WHICH IS THE MOTHER OF INWENTION, AND KNOWS NO LAW. One of Cuttle's delightful mixtures. Of course he should have said "necessity" instead of "science." "Necessity, the mother of invention" comes from Farquhar's "The twin rivals" (1702). "Necessity knows no law" is still older and probably derives from a maxim of Publius Syrus (A.D. 42): "Necessity knows no law except to conquer."

12. SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL. At Greenwich. Founded in 1821, when its work was carried on in the *Dreadnought*, moored in the river. It was installed in Greenwich Palace in 1870.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. INGENIOUS MODERN PHILOSOPHER. The name is not given, and in any case the theory is wrongly stated, as sound in air cannot go on indefinitely in the interminable fields of space, for, so far as we know, there is no air in space beyond the earth's atmosphere.

2. PTOLEMY THE GREAT. There were fourteen or fifteen Ptolemys, and the one intended was the first of the name, the victorious general who became

the king of Egypt on the break-up of Alexander the Great's empire in A.D. 323. He founded the famous library of Alexandria.

3. TERENCE. Afer Publius Terentius, Roman comic poet.

Chapter XXVI

1. COLOSSUS. Figuratively a person standing astride and dominating all round him like the Colossus of Rhodes.

2. WITHERS IN ATTENDANCE. It was quite customary in the early nineteenth century for a footman or page-boy to remain in the drawing-room all the time the usual occupants were there, ready to perform any menial office or to run messages, to fetch and carry.

Chapter XXVII

1. MUNCHING LIKE THAT SAILOR'S WIFE. An allusion to "Macbeth," Act I, Scene 3, where the First Witch says "A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and munch'd and munch'd and munch'd."

2. BELDAMITE. A coined word from Beldam, an old woman, a hag, a virago. As Carker used it, not intended to be a compliment. [Why didn't Carker know her? It was probably with her knowledge that he had taken her daughter for his mistress: see Chapter LIII. At any rate, she knew him.]

3. THERE IS NO WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. A reference to the Arabian Nights and the Islamic text, "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet."

4. ADMIRABLE CARKER. An allusion to his varied accomplishments: business man, judge of pictures, creditable artist, horseman, played piquet, backgammon, chess blindfold. James Crichton (1560-1583) surnamed the Admirable for his versatility, was soldier, athlete, scholar (especially Latin), poet, linguist, and with unparalleled powers of memory.

5. DARLING BYGONE TIMES. An admirable instance of Dickens's amusing and irreverent penchant for poking fun at the "good old times," often exhibited when he was railing at abuses that should be reformed out of existence.

Chapter XXVIII

1. LONG AND SOMBRE STREET. This and the following paragraphs seem to give some clue to the exact situation of Mr. Dombey's house, but other references in Chapters III, XXIII and XXV contain such confusing details that the task becomes impossible. However, it does not really matter: Dickens was a writer of works of *imagination*.

2. PAPER-CAPS. The fashion for craftsmen to wear folded paper or linen caps at their work has fallen out of use for over half a century. It was far better in appearance than the cloth caps now affected by workpeople, and certainly cleaner.

3. OLYMPUS. The residence of the dynasty of gods, of which Zeus was the head. The plumbers and glaziers reclining in various attitudes on the sky-light are the gods sitting round Zeus in solemn conclave.

4. OFFERED HIS ARM. The usual custom demanded by etiquette when assisting a lady. Mr. Dombey could not escort Mrs. Skewton round the house without this ceremony. There are in the book numerous other instances of the custom in circumstances that would not nowadays demand it.

Chapter XXIX

1. PAPER FLY CAGES. These horrid little traps for dust are no longer in use, as there is no longer such a pest of flies as our ancestors suffered. In spite of their name these cages were not intended to accommodate flies as though they were birds, but as places for the flies to rest instead of buzzing about the room. Miss Tox lived near some mews and would know what flies meant. These fly cages were generally made from perforated paper and were in shape either globular or bell-shaped, and were sold in various colours, mostly hideous.

2. POT-BOY. A lad who collected, each day, from customers, the pint and quart pots (cans) in which beer had been taken home the day before. They would sometimes be found awaiting the boy's arrival, hanging on the area railings. The boy carried the cans strung on a long pole over his

shoulder. The pot boy has now joined the dodo, the great auk and the quagga.

3. CHAINS OF DANDELION STALKS. It may be hoped that modern education will not banish these and daisy chains entirely from children's lives.

4. PARASOL. No lady would have considered herself completely equipped for walking out unless she carried a parasol—the old name for a sunshade.

5. THE SCALES . . . HAVE FALLEN. A beautiful mixed metaphor. The scales in old-fashioned grocers' shops were suspended from a little pulley in the ceiling and were pulled down for use. The keen look on the grocer's face as he dabbed them down on the counter and scanned the little tell-tale to see that the measure was quite exact (*i.e.* to see that the customer did not get any overweight) was always fascinating to small children.

6. DOUBLE-BARRELLED EYE-GLASSES. What we should now call opera-glasses.

7. MURDERED KING OF DENMARK.

"Hamlet: What, look'd he frowningly?
Horatio: A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."
Act I, Scene 2.

Hence the reversal of the expression when Mrs. Chick looked at Miss Tox.

8. TOAD-EATER. Used now only in literary work: colloquially shortened to "toady."

9. WITH LUCRETIA TOX I HAVE DONE. Nowhere in Dickens's writings is shewn Dickens's faculty for "getting inside" a garrulous woman's mind and reproducing her volubility. Other instances of similar loquacity are Mrs. Nickleby, Flora Finching and Mrs. Lirriper.

CHAPTER XXX

1. CANDLES WERE BROUGHT. The upper classes avoided the use of oil-lamps in the living rooms, except the dependence on colza-oil lamps for reading. Hence the elaborate candelabra on and over the large dining tables and the candle-sconces on the walls. Even after the introduction of gas and, later, electric light, the writer knew many people who preferred candle-light for domestic use.

CHAPTER XXXI

1. MARROW-BONES AND CLEAVERS. The striking of butchers' cleavers with marrow-bones made what was called "rough music" for weddings among the lower orders, and sometimes appeared outside the houses of the wealthy to celebrate a wedding and with the idea of being bought off with a money donation. It is a very ancient custom, and Shakespeare knew of it, for he puts into the mouth of Bottom the words: "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones" (Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV, scene 1).

2. BATTLE-BRIDGE. So-called from a tradition that Boadicea here fought an action against the Romans. In 1830 the name was changed to King's Cross, but the old name survived for many years.

3. LONG'S HOTEL. Just the kind of place that Cousin Feenix would choose for a shave. At Long's hotel Scott dined with Byron in 1815. (See Lockhart's "Life of Scott.")

4. DUKE OF KENT. Father of Queen Victoria and brother of the Duke of York; see Chapter XX, note 2.

5. BAROUCHE. A carriage with a folding hood or half-head, now seldom seen.

6. DOMBEY IN HIS LILAC WAISTCOAT. Fashions change, but it is worth noting that a lavender-coloured or white waistcoat is still the "correct wear" for weddings, although we have sobered down the fawn-coloured pantaloons to striped trousers.

7. BONING NOTHING. Mr. Towlinson's string of negatives is characteristic of the Cockney. Boning is slang for stealing; still current.

8. THE MAJOR DON'T KNOW. Dickens constantly uses "don't" for the singular "doesn't." It is cockney dialect. There are very many instances in this book as well as in nearly every book that Dickens wrote. Sheridan also uses it in "The Critic" (1779), where he makes Sir Fretful Plagiary say: "It certainly don't fall off, I assure you—No, no; it don't fall off." It can be found in Thackeray's writings as well as those of Goldsmith.

Chapter XXXII

1. HACKNEY CABRIOLET. A one-horsed, two-wheeled carriage for hire (see Ch. II, note 9, for "hackney"), now shortened to cab. The cabriolet was the forerunner of the hansom cab, named from its inventor, 1834. The original cabriolets accommodated the passenger beside the driver; the hansom held two passengers inside and the driver was perched up behind in a "dickey."

2. CAP'EN CUTTLE IS MY NAME. Adapted from a child's motto, often written inside the cover of a book. The last line usually ran: "And Christ is my salvation." There are several variations of this folk-rhyme.

Chapter XXXIII

1. I HAVE BEEN WHERE CONVICTS GO. That is, I have been transported (for ten years) to Botany Bay. Cf. Magwitch in *Great Expectations*. Transportation was abolished in 1861.

Chapter XXXIV

1. DON'T LET YOU AND I TALK. A grammatical slip of which neither Dickens nor Alice should be capable.

Chapter XXXV

1. TOM. Nowhere else throughout the book is Towlinson's christian name supplied. See Chapter LIX, note 1, Him and Anne.

2. NO EXPENSE SHOULD BE SPARED. "All that money could do has been done . . . It is powerful." A further tribute to Mr. Dombey's god. See also Chapter VIII: "Money can do anything."

Chapter XXXVI

1. WARMING PAN. This means that Jack Adams kept the seat in Parliament warm by occupying it till the prospective member could sit. Those were the days of pocket-boroughs for which members were returned through personal influence.

2. TOPS. Top-boots; boots halfway up to the knees with tops made to look as if they were turned down.

Chapter XXXVIII

1. THERE AIN'T NO BUSINESS DONE. Cuttle's ignorance of the instruments in Gills's shop seems incompatible with his professional status. See also Chapter IV, note 11.

2. TOSSED IT AWAY WITH A PIEMAN. Lost it by gambling; probably spun the coins for "double or quits."

Chapter XXXIX

1. YOU COULDN'T PROVIDE YOURSELF. A phrase current with reference to the engagement of domestic servants. See also Chapter II, note 5.

2. TARRY TROUSERS. An old Essex folk-song beginning:

> "My mother wants me to wed with a tailor
> And not give me my heart's delight;
> But give me the man with the tarry trousers,
> That shine to me like diamonds bright."

Perhaps we have here also the inspiration for Cuttle's favourite epithet for Florence. See also Chapter XXIII, Note 8.

3. STANFELL'S BUDGET. This may be a "Gampish" name for a song-book, as Dickens called Clarkson Stanfield (generally Stanny) Stanfell in more than one letter, and Stanfield had in early life been a sailor.

4. THERE HE LAYS ALL HIS DAYS. Adapted from The Bay of Biscay, words by A. Cherry, music by J. Davy (1765-1824).

5. AFFLICTION SORE. The most frequently used epitaph on tombstones in the nineteenth century. The author is unknown. The full version is as follows:

> "Affliction sore long time I bore,
> Physicians were in vain;
> Till death did seize and God did please
> To ease me of my pain."

6. SACRIFICE TO THE FURIES. The Furies were the Eumenides of Aeschylus's tragedy; the avenging deities. Among the crimes they punished were disobedience to parents, and lack of respect to elderly people.

CHAPTER XL

1. HE HAD BEEN MR. DOMBEY TO HIS FIRST WIFE. Edith never called him anything, except "Sir" when she was especially haughty. See Chapter I, Note 2.

CHAPTER XLI

1. DOG OF MONTARGIS. The dog who, in 1371, tracked down and would not leave his master's murderer (Aubry de Montdider) at the castle of Montargis, sixty miles from Paris. The story has been the theme of many poems and tragedies.

2. HER ARM IN THAT OF MR. TOOTS. See note on this subject, Chapter XXVIII.

3. THE THUGS. Thugs were robbers who assassinated their victims by strangulation with a noose or turban. Blitherstone in his spite was a little out of date as Thuggee was suppressed by Britain about 1825, although it lingered in obscure districts in India till about 1840.

4. HEREDOTUS STOP. See Chapter XI, Note 9.

5. RUBICON. A little river in Italy, by the crossing of which in 49 B.C. Cæsar declared war against the Republic. Hence the allusion to Mr. Toots being pledged never to turn back.

6. OLD PARR. Thomas Parr lived to a great age, but the date of his birth (1483) is untrustworthy, although that of his death is known to be correct (1635).

7. WITH HIS ROUND TURNED LEGS. The pianoforte of the period if of what was known as an upright, had substantial turned legs standing separate from the body of the instrument; the modern upright piano has trusses only. Of course the allusion would be equally applicable if the piano were a grand. "Clerical" is only Dickens's adjective for the Doctor, although there is never any mention of his being a clergyman; nor do we know whether he was a D.D., or a Litt.D., or a D.C.L.

CHAPTER XLII

1. I SAID? . . . WHAT DID I SAY? The whole of the interview between Carker and the Grinder bears a strong resemblance to the conversations between Chester and Hugh of the Maypole in *Barnaby Rudge*.

CHAPTER XLIV

1. INDIAN WIDOW. Suttee-ism was the self-immolation of an Indian widow on her deceased husband's funeral pyre. The practice was abolished by the British in 1829.

2. MONEY IN THE SAVINGS BANK. The first Savings Bank in England was established in 1779 by the Rev. J. Smith, of Wendover. The Post Office Savings Bank was founded in 1861.

3. GET INTO CHANCERY. In boxing getting into Chancery is getting one's head under one's opponent's arm and being pommelled; so-called from the difficulty of getting clear of the old Court of Chancery.

CHAPTER XLVI

1. MINNOWS AMONG THE TRITONS. A reversal of the common saying, which appears in Shakespeare:

> "*Shall* remain? Hear you this Triton of the minnows?
> Mark you his absolute *shall*? (Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1).

2. HIS MASTER'S PRAD. A prad is a horse or nag: the term has nearly fallen out of use, but may be heard very occasionally among people who frequent stables.

CHAPTER XLVII

1. MEDUSA . . . TO STRIKE HIM DEAD. Another reference to the power of that goddess. See Chapter XXIII, note 1 (Gorgon).

2. PRIDE AND RAGE . . . SWEEPING OVER HER FORM AND FEATURES LIKE AN ANGRY CHORD ACROSS THE STRINGS OF A WILD HARP. Nobody knew better than Dickens how to emphasize his meaning, but this hyperbole is unusually extravagant even for Dickens: it does seem to convey an impression of Edith's feelings. As a statement it defies analysis.

Chapter XLVIII

1. THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT. The first line of a song (words and music) by George Linley (1798-1865). "England, Home and Beauty" is from "The Death of Nelson," words by S. J. Arnold, music by J. Braham (1811).

2. CASE-BOTTLE. A bottle protected from injury by a covering of wickerwork, or sometimes of leather.

3. BALSAM. A Cuttleism for balm. Both words are derived from the Latin *balsamum* through the French *basme*.

Chapter XLIX

1. A FEW GUINEAS. The guinea (£1 1s.) was last coined in 1813, and as a coin was superseded by the sovereign (£1) in 1817. The word guinea is still used for professional fees and also in a loose way for expressing money.

2. UNSCREWED HIS HOOK AND SCREWED A FORK IN ITS PLACE. As Cuttle had lost his right hand (Chap. IV) this would make him left-handed. In Chapter IX he unscrewed his hook and screwed a knife in its socket.

3. AWAST, TO OBLEEGE ME. An archaic pronunciation of oblige, when the word was introduced from the French. Pope rhymes obliged with besieged.

4. GLASS OF GROG. Grog was rum-and-water served out to sailors instead of neat rum. Named after Admiral Vernon (1745), nicknamed Old Grog because he wore garments made of grogram (a coarse fabric of silk wool and mohair). Florence probably mixed Cuttle's grog under his directions, as a girl of her bringing up would not know anything about it.

5. A BLUE UMBRELLA IN LEADENHALL MARKET. Separate stalls in the market have now disappeared and have been replaced by shops.

6. SPICED NEGUS. Hot sweetened wine (preferably port) and water.

7. A STIFF NOR-WESTER'S BLOWING. Quotation from "The Sailor's Consolation," song by William Pitt (of Malta) (died 1840). The correct version runs:

> "A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
> Hark, don't ye hear it roar now?
> Lord help 'em, how I pities all
> Unhappy folks ashore now."

Chapter L

1. MORE LIKE A PARRICIDE. Mr. Toots's memory must have been wandering. Did he mean *parasite*?

Chapter LII

1. TO-NIGHT'S A WEEK. An old-fashioned way of saying "A week ago to night."

Chapter LIII

1. BEETHOVEN'S SONATA. To whistle or to hum accurately through the whole of a Beethoven sonata would be very difficult in any case, but it becomes quite impossible if there is no known sonata in B by Beethoven.

Chapter LV

1. A CERTAIN STATION ON THE RAILWAY. Probably Paddock Wood. For identification see an article in *The Dickensian*, 1938, page 123.

Chapter LVI

1. THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD. For once Captain Cuttle quotes correctly the Moral Song (No. 1) by Dr. Watts (1674-1748), although he characteristically adds "Scatter his enemies and make 'em fall."

2. 'TIS WOMAN AS SEDUCES. From the Beggar's Opera by Gay (1728). "As" should be "that."

3. WHEN HER ANGRY PASSIONS RISE. Another quotation from Dr. Watts' Divine Songs (No. 10) :

"But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

CHAPTER LVII

1. THE AMENS OF THE DUSTY CLERK. See "Macbeth," Act II, Scene 1 : "I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' stuck in my throat."

CHAPTER LVIII

1. HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH. Mr. Morfin's musical repertoire was peculiar if not extensive. In Chapter LIII he whistled right through a non-existent sonata, and here he plays "over and over again" on the 'cello a composition in the form of an air with variations for the clavecin (harpsichord) written by Handel (1720), but not known as the Harmonious Blacksmith in his lifetime.

2. THE OLD WOMAN. Alice's mother called herself "Good Mrs. Brown." She told Harriet Carker that Alice's name was Marwood, and also that Alice was her daughter by Edith Dombey's uncle, whose name, of course, was Skewton. What was Mrs. Brown's real name ?

CHAPTER LIX

1. HIM AND ANNE. Mr. Towlinson's christian name of Tom is only mentioned once (Chapter XXXV). Here the housemaid's christian name is given as Anne. Is it a coincidence that Dickens's own maid was Anne ?

2. OXFORD MARKET, near Oxford Circus, was demolished in 1880-82, having been in existence since 1721.

3. HERB AND LEECH LINE. Towlinson's ambition is a reminder that greengrocers often sold dried herbs as well as fresh vegetables, and also kept leeches in bottles for medicinal purposes. Leeches were used to bleed patients painlessly, and we have had a reference to the other method of bleeding by cupping-glasses, in Chapter VIII.

4. FASCES. Bundles of rods carried by the Roman lictors for the summary punishment of offenders.

5. PORTERS WITH KNOTS. The knot was a thick pad (sometimes made of twisted rope—hence the term knot) worn on the shoulders by market porters when carrying heavy burdens. There is a specimen in the London Museum.

6. MAN IN THE SOUTH. At one time a well-known nursery jingle. Andrew Lang, in his Nursery Rhyme Book (1897) gives this version :

"The man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich ;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping cold pease-porridge."

7. FAMILY MANSION WAS TO BE DISPOSED OF. There is no record that any enquiry was ever made by a prospective purchaser, and the book finishes with the house still to let.

CHAPTER LX

1. INTELLECTUAL NORFOLK BIFFIN. A biffin is an apple very slowly cooked in a cool oven and subjected to pressure. Hence the allusion to Mr. Briggs's intellectual attainments. The word derives from the beef-like colour of the fruit.

2. CINCINNATUS. Dr. Blimber's analogy is perfect.

3. LIMEHOUSE HOLE. That part of the Thames (the Pool) near the entrance of the Limehouse Cut (Canal).

4. HALF-BOOTS. Boots reaching well above the ankle but not so far up the leg as a Wellington or a Hessian boot.

Chapter LXI

1. MR. PITT. The pilot who had weathered the storm. A quotation from Canning's panegyric noted in Chapter V. Pitt had successfully conducted England's part in the struggle against Napoleon.

2. FOUR-BOTTLE MAN. Excessive drinking was not uncommon, and men could—and did—consume four or more bottles of wine (usually port) during and after dinner. No wonder gout was prevalent.

3. BOXING-ROOMS IN BOND STREET. There were several places in Bond Street where the noble art of self-defence was taught by professional pugilists to the nobility and gentry, and the fees were high and exclusive.

4. SHADOW OF A DREAM. In Endymion is the line: "A hope beyond the shadow of a dream" (Keats).

Chapter LXII

1. HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITHS. Here we have this pianoforte piece arranged as a duet for the pianoforte and violoncello; an arrangement unknown to modern musicians. (See Chapter LVIII, Note 1.)

2. MAKES US ALL SLUE ROUND. One of Captain Cuttle's happiest alterations of a common saying. "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round," has not nearly the hidden meaning of "The tender passion as makes us all slue round." To slue is to turn out of or away from the direct road.

ADDENDA.

Chap. VI, Note 6.—DONE WITH A TEA-POT. Artificial feeding of infants was known to the ancient Greeks and the Romans, who had specially designed teapot-like contrivances for the purpose. Feeding-bottles with long rubber tubes were introduced about 1880. The more hygienic modern pattern was adopted much later.

Chap VI, Note 8.—DOMBEY'S JOCKEY. A contemptuous term for a lackey or an understrapper. Observe Walter's dignified correction: "I'm in Dombey's House."

Chap. XV, Note Ia.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON. As usual Cuttle gives the wrong authority for his quotation. "May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him" is the last line of the song "Since the first dawn of reason," by J. Davy (1765-1824), composer of "The Bay of Biscay." The same sentiment is used by Dick Swiveller in Sampson Brass's office; see *Old Curiosity Shop*, Chap. LVI.

WHO WAS—

1. Always upright behind the proprieties?
2. A stout gentleman, imperfectly repressed by a belt?
3. Deep as Australia? If there was anything deeper, he'd be it.
4. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations?
5. Behind hand with the world and buried at Hatfield Church?
6. Like a very neat she-wolf imperfectly tamed?
7. An elderly, purply-faced, vegetable-diet sort of man?
8. Always to be heard of at the bar of the "Black Badger"?
9. The relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer?
10. In years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred?
11. A little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head and an extensive bald plain on the top of it?
12. A doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her?
13. A large lady who wore a large dress? I don't exactly know which was dress and which was lady.
14. A very old man in a flannel coat: clean, cheerful, comfortable and well cared for, but intensely deaf?
15. The meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space?
16. An immensely rich and grim old lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers?
17. A little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily, who was always taking physic?
18. Possessed of all her mamma's haughtiness without the turban, and all her ill-nature without the wig?
19. Laudably shrewish in her disposition and inclined to resist male authority?

(Answers will be printed in the next Number.)

SOME PEOPLE IN THE DOMBEY WORLD

(in order of their appearance)

MR. DOMBEY. About forty-eight years of age . . . rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his brother Care had set some marks, as on a tree that was to come down in good time—remorseless twins they are for striding through the human forests, notching as they go.

* * *

DR. PARKER PEPS. One of the Court Physicians and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families; . . . with a round, deep, sonorous voice, muffled for the occasion, like the knocker.

* * *

MRS. CHICK. A lady rather past the middle age than otherwise, but dressed in a very juvenile manner, particularly as to the tightness of her bodice.

* * *

MISS TOX. A long lean figure, wearing such a faded air that she seemed to have been made in what linen-drapers call "fast colours" originally, and to have, little by little, washed out . . . From a long habit of listening admirably to everything that was said in her presence . . . her head had quite settled on one side.

* * *

MR. CHICK. A stout bald gentleman, with a very large face, and his hands continually in his pockets, and who had a tendency in his nature to whistle and hum tunes.

* * *

TOODLE. A strong, loose, round-shouldered, shuffling, shaggy fellow, on whom his clothes sat negligently; with a good deal of hair and whisker, deepened in its natural tint, perhaps by smoke and coal-dust; hard knotty hands; and a square forehead, as coarse in grain as the bark of an oak.

* * *

SUSAN NIPPER. A short, brown, womanly girl of fourteen, with a little snub nose, and black eyes like jet beads . . . . so desperately sharp and biting that she seemed to make one's eyes water.

* * *

SOLOMON GILLS. An elderly gentleman in a Welsh wig . . . a slow, quiet-spoken, thoughtful old fellow, with . . . a newly awakened manner, such as he might have acquired by having stared for three or four days successively through every optical instrument in his shop, and suddenly came back to the world again, to find it green.

* * *

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.—A gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over, like his nose, with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt-collar, that it looked like a small sail.

MAJOR BAGSTOCK. A wooden-featured, blue-faced Major, with his eyes starting out of his head . . . arrived at what is called in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey down-hill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped elephantine ears.

* * *

MRS. WICKAM. A waiter's wife—which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow— . . . a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated and her head always drooping; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else.

* * *

MRS. PIPCHIN. A marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face like bad marble, a hook nose . . . generally spoken of as "a great manager" of children; the secret of her management was, to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did—which was found to sweeten their dispositions very much.

* * *

DR. BLIMBER. A portly gentleman in suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.

* * *

P. TOOTS. A young gentleman with a swollen nose, and an excessively large head . . . Possessed of the gruffest of voices and the shrillest of brains . . . People did say . . . that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains.

* * *

MISS BLIMBER. Although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house . . . She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages.

* * *

MRS. BLIMBER. Was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented.

* * *

MR. FEEDER, B.A. A kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation.

* * *

JAMES CARKER. A gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were most distressing. It was impossible to escape the observation of them, for he showed them whenever he spoke; and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance . . . that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat.

Continued at foot of page 41

THE MOST FAMOUS DICKENS DRAMATISATION

It is hard to realise that Martin Harvey was playing in "The Only Way" for nearly four years before the Fellowship was born. But that is the fact, as we are reminded by the recent publication of the text of the play.* In the closing years of the last century the fame of Dickens was at its lowest ebb; the two youngest of the "Lyceum ladies and gentlemen" (they had salaries of 12/- and 25/- per week respectively) were therefore very bold to choose a Dickens novel for their first essay at management. But Jack Harvey and his young wife saw that by making Carton the central figure of the play—which had not occurred to other adaptors—there were possibilities of a great success. It was they who thought out the prologue, and indeed every detail of the adaptation; but they hesitated at the actual writing of the dialogue, of which so much was necessary that was not in the book. So they sent their well-planned lay-out to an Irish clergyman who had been responsible for some recent successful stage adaptations.

Sir John has rendered double service in printing the play; first in his introduction he has settled once for all a mystery which always overshadowed the play. For many years the name of Freeman Wills appeared as author on all the announcements; later another name was added, that of Frederick Langbridge; and it now transpires that possibly most of the original dialogue—of which there is plenty—was the work of the latter, and at first, unacknowledged author. Thus the first service has been rendered; the authorship of the most successful play of the last fifty years has been settled. The second service is that, after over five thousand performances by the original conceivers, the play is now made available for amateurs, upon terms obtainable from the publishers, Frederick Muller, Ltd., 29 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Another mystery, however, remains to be cleared up. Sir John says, and he ought to know—and this statement is confirmed by two books of theatrical history to which I have referred—that the play was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday, February 16th, 1899. Now I have in my possession a leather-bound edition of the story, published by Chapman & Hall, and evidently issued as a souvenir, in the front of which is printed a programme bearing the date of the first performance, but stating the theatre to be the Prince of Wales Theatre. The cast of characters differs a little; instead of Sam Johnson, Sydney Paxton is given as playing Mr. Stryver; Acton Bond, instead of Ben Webster is the Comte de Fauchet; and Herbert Sleath plays the Marquis in the prologue, and Darnay in the play. Sir John's programme shows that the Marquis in the prologue was taken by Axton Bond. I emulate Rosa Dartle in my search for the truth.—W. D.

Continued from page 40

Sir Barnet Skettles. Sir Barnet's object in life was constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. Like a heavy body dropped into water—not to disparage so worthy a gentleman by the comparison—it was in the nature of things that Sir Barnet must spread an ever-widening circle about him, until there was no room left . . . Nothing . . . could stop Sir Barnet Skettles in his voyage of discovery through the social system.

* * *

Rev. Melchisedech Howler. Discharged from the West India Docks on a false suspicion (got up expressly against him by the general enemy) of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the orifice, had announced the destruction of the world for that day two years, at ten in the morning, and opened a front parlour for the reception of ladies and gentlemen of the Ranting persuasion.

* * *

Mrs. Skewton. Age about seventy . . . her dress would have been youthful for twenty-seven. Her attitude in the wheeled chair (which she never varied) was one in which she had been taken in a barouche, some fifty years before, by a then fashionable artist who had appended to his published sketch the name of Cleopatra.

* * *

Edith Granger. It was a remarkable characteristic of this lady's beauty that it appeared to vaunt and assert itself without her aid, and against her will. She knew that she was beautiful; it was impossible that it could be otherwise; but she seemed with her own pride to defy her very self.

* * *

Mrs. Miff. A vinegary face has Mrs. Miff, and a mortified bonnet, and eke a thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings. . . . there is reservation in the eye of Mrs. Miff as always knowing of a softer seat, but having her suspicions of the fee.

* "The Only Way," by Lt.-Col. Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. Canon Langbridge, with a foreword by Rafael Sabatini and an Apology by Sir John Martin-Harvey. (Illustrated). Frederick Muller, Ltd., 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*

THE KEY OF THE STREET

"YOU'VE got the key of the street, my friend," said Lowten to Job Trotter. He was using a phrase then commonly applied to those who were homeless; but in another sense it might well have been said of Dickens himself, that he had the key of the street—of the Street of Ink, the name so aptly given to Fleet Street by Henry Simonis in his book of that title giving an entertaining survey of journalism between the years 1894 and 1917.

So too had George Augustus Sala, GAS by initials and nature; and Mr. Ralph Straus has done a great service to literary history in his book* just published about this almost forgotten giant of Fleet Street in the seventies and eighties of the last century.

His has been a labour of love, for to my knowledge Mr. Straus has been engaged upon the history for close on a dozen years, and as a result he gives us a racy and well authenticated account of the street of ink in the days long before Simonis so christened it, when Dickens was editing *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.

It was Dickens who gave Sala his first chance, and his first cheque. That was in 1851, when Sala, down on his luck (not for the first time nor for the last) was persuaded to take to Dickens an article he had written on the homeless wanderers of London. So Sala, with a not uneventful life as scene painter, engraver and vendor of pills, added author to his other achievements; and with five pounds in his pocket for the six-page article—as yet unpublished, he must surely have felt he had the key of Fleet Street in his pocket as well. Curiously enough, and prophetic too, the title of the article was "The Key of the Street," but that was probably Dickens's own title, for we know he had a peculiar flair for inventing apt titles. Henceforth journalism was Sala's career; he was "one of Dickens's young men," going here, there and everywhere, an uncommercial traveller reporting on people, places and events, preparing the way to become, as he did, the father of a new style of personal journalism (of which it may well be said Dickens was the first grandfather).

In 1856 Dickens sent Sala to explore unknown Russia—one of the first of many "special correspondents," and when the articles appeared in *Household Words* under the title "A Journey Due North" they created quite a sensation.

The innumerable troubles of this altogether romantic and adventurous life are recorded in full by Mr. Straus. Dickens had many disappointments over Sala's work. There was a slight estrangement following the publication of the Russian articles. On many occasions Sala overdrew his account with the magazine, and more than once in his generosity Dickens wiped the slate clean. But nevertheless Sala worked exclusively for Dickens for seven years. In 1864 he provided a serial story for *All The Year Round*. Here again misfortune ensued; it was probably the only occasion on which Dickens had accepted a serial story before the whole of it was in his hands; and Sala let him down; the final chapters were never delivered; the readers were put off from week to week until at last, Andrew Halliday was invited to step in and complete the story.

In spite of his shortcomings, however—rather because of them perhaps, as in the case of his own father—Dickens had a warm corner in his heart for Sala. And Sala was never ungrateful to Dickens. "He was my master," he wrote, in the introduction to the little volume containing the reprint of the obituary notice he wrote for "The Daily Telegraph" in 1870; "but for his friendship and encouragement,

* Sala: The Portrait of an Eminent Victorian, by Ralph Straus, with numerous illustrations. 18s. Constable & Co., Ltd

I should never have been a journalist or writer of books . . . we quarrelled (of course, I was in the wrong) and he laughingly forgave me my transgressions, my debts, and my evil temper."

There is a little known piece of Sala's writing in which he championed Dickens, during his life-time, against charges of sensationalism. It appeared, in 1868, in Miss Braddon's magazine "Belgravia." Incidentally it served as a rebuttal of similar charges brought against Sala himself; he had created something new in journalism, and was successful; his enemies retorted with a sneer—"Sensationalist"—just as they had done with Dickens. I am indebted to Mr. E. H. Rann for pointing out this article to me, and am glad to print the extract below as a characteristic example of Sala's writing, and as a tribute to both holders of the key of the street.

WALTER DEXTER.

"SENSATIONALISM IN LITERATURE"

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Society must have a Cry, and what that cry may be does not very much matter, so long as it be cried loudly enough, and in a manner forced down the throats of people who have not wits enough to cry for themselves, but are content to let others do the Town Crier's office for them . . .

Mr. Charles Dickens has enjoyed European, world-wide fame for thirty years. I have watched his career as narrowly as I have watched it admiringly; and I think I have read every line he has written, and have been enabled to trace with sufficient accuracy the successive phases of development through which his genius has passed, the mellowing of his faculties, the chastening of his style, and their gradual culmination into a splendid but sober afternoon of intellect. He is probably, at this moment, the best known and the most deservedly popular author in the world; and in the very first number of the very next serial in the familiar old green cover which he might publish, we should probably be constrained to admit that there was something—in the way of character or of description—as good as, if not better than, Charles Dickens had ever done before. Yet, having a pretty retentive memory, and having been all my life more or less intimately connected with what are called "literary circles," I can perfectly well recollect that, in the year 1842, there was no commoner cry in "polite society" than that "Dickens had written himself out." There used to be a man called Croker who . . . wrote scurrilous articles in the "Quarterly Review" . . . In the first bright dawn of Charles Dickens's fame, Croker* observed that the author of *Pickwick* had "gone up like a rocket but would come down like the stick." This was "sack and sugar" to the charitable souls who were so fond of repeating that "Boz" had "written himself out." "Boz" wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and pending the appearance of his next book the charitable souls reported that he had gone raving mad. He went to America, and charitable souls put it about that he was dead. He wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the charitable souls declared that there was "a great falling off in his style." He went to Italy, and the charitable souls hinted that he had pawned his plate to raise funds for the voyage. There was no end to the malice of the charitable souls. *Dombey*, *Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *The Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, were all asserted to be infinitely inferior to their predecessors, but somehow the man went on writing, and

* The writer was Abraham Hayward, first disclosed in *The Dickensian* 1932, p. 175, by the publication of a letter from Dickens to Ainsworth.

enlisting fresh tens of thousands of readers with every new book he wrote. And yet about this time the rocket is soaring high over the State of Pennsylvania, and the stick hasn't come down at all, save perhaps in the form of a stick of cheerful disdain, which has hit the charitable souls over the nose badly.

The only wonder is that the charitable souls have failed to discover that among modern "sensational" writers, Mr. Charles Dickens is perhaps the most thoroughly, and has been from the very outset of his career the most persistently "sensational" writer of the age. There is sensation even in *Pickwick*: the "Madman" and the "Stroller's" story, the death of the "Chancery Prisoner," and the episode of the "Queer Client," for example. *The Old Curiosity Shop* is replete with sensation, from the extravagant pilgrimage of Nell and the old man to the death of Quilp. *Barnaby Rudge* begins with the sensation of an undiscovered murder, and ends with the sensation of a triple hanging and a duel *à mort*. In *Nicholas Nickleby* the end of Mr. Ralph Nickleby and the shooting of Lord Frederick Verisopht by Sir Mulberry Hawk are sensational enough to suit the strongest appetite. And the murder of Tigg Montague by Jonas Chuzzlewit; and the mysterious husband of Miss Betsey Trotwood in *David Copperfield*; and the convict millionaire in *Great Expectations*; and the grinding of the "National Razor" in the *Tale of Two Cities*; and Monks's confession, and the murder of Nancy, and the death of Sikes, in *Oliver Twist*; and finally the spontaneous combustion in *Bleak House*; and the tumbling down of the house in *Little Dorrit*; and Mr. Carker's death in *Dombey and Son*. Are not all these pure sensation?

When the charitable souls had found out that the rocket-and-stick cry was growing stale, they discovered that Mr. Dickens, being a young man with a thoroughly new style, had become the founder of a new school, and that he had for his disciples many young men whose intellects were growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength; although at that necessary distance which should always, in the subordination of mind, separate Master from Scholar. . . . Now, among those who sat at the feet of Charles Dickens early in his career was a bright, earnest, active-minded young man named Albert Smith. This very talented writer had become to a certain extent, imbued with Mr. Dickens's style and spirit, and with perhaps a few of Mr. Dickens's mannerisms; but he addressed himself to the description of many departments of life on which Mr. Dickens had never touched. He was a traveller and a linguist. He had been classically and professionally educated, whereas the Master had enjoyed only the ordinary commercial schooling, and had been brought up to nothing particular until, learning shorthand writing, he gained admission to the gallery of the House of Commons as a newspaper reporter. All these things told ultimately on the intellectual development of Albert Smith. He ceased after a time to imitate. He felt himself strong enough to walk alone. He carved out a path for himself, and pursued it steadily and successfully until the end.* But, while he was still *in statu pupillari*, no abuse could be too foul to be lavished on him by the charitable souls. His works were spoken of habitually as the "washing of Dickens's inkstand"; and he was nicknamed "Albata Smith" a kind of Sheffield substitute for the Pickwickian silver.

When Albert, by his pluck and perseverence, asserted the real *vim* that was in him, the charitable souls became alive to the fact that if their Cry was to hold, it must be fastened on other victims; so, when Mr. Dickens started *Household Words*, and successfully gathered round him as contributors such young men as James Hannay, Blanchard Jerrold, Robert Brough, Walter Thornbury and, later, John Hollingshead,

* Albert Smith died in 1860.

the cry was raised against these gentlemen that they were each and all "slavish imitators of Dickens"—mere clients and convenient men of the great patron. This Cry died out as these young gentlemen grew middle-aged, and found that they could do something for themselves . . . What is Sensationalism, and who is Sensational? . . . In the opinion of dolts and dullards and envious back-biters, everything is "sensational" that is vivid, and nervous, and forcible, and graphic, and true . . . Don't let us move, don't let us travel, don't let us hear or see anything; . . . let Dullness reign triumphant, and Universal Darkness cover all.

PECKINGS BY A CHICK

An effort is necessary; that's all.

* * *

You give only to make an effort to be very happy indeed.

* * *

We are called upon on all occasions to make an effort. It is expected of us.

* * *

If any misanthrope were to put the question: "Why were we born?" I should reply: "To make an effort."

* * *

If my brother will not make an effort, what is to become of him?

* * *

Say it openly. Be open, whatever you are.

* * *

We all have our faults. I daresay we have. I was never blind to hers.

* * *

If you rely on my experience you may rest assured that there is nothing but an effort.

* * *

There is a moral in everything if we would only avail ourselves of it.

* * *

Don't flurry me, for that destroys me.

* * *

She meant—oh dear, how well poor Fanny meant.

* * *

His mind is too much for him. His soul is a great deal too large for his frame.

* * *

Florence will never, never, never be a Dombey.

* * *

Mine is a very weak and foolish nature. . . . I often wish my heart was a marble slab or a paving stone.

* * *

Those are the words I should have said. You might have led me to the block immediately afterwards, but I should have said them.

* * *

Your papa's a Dombey if ever there was one. He'll make an effort. There's no fear of him.

We are bound to think well of one another in this world, and hope she may be.

* * *

It's an idea the absurdity of which relieves its treachery.

* * *

I make no claim to be a person of superior intellect, but I trust I am not a downright fool.

* * *

I wouldn't have believed it if a saint had told it to me.

* * *

It would have been much more satisfactory to those who wish to think well of their fellow-creatures and much more becoming in you if you had shewn some proper feeling.

* * *

Habit. If I was to get a habit (as you call it) of walking on the ceiling I should hear enough of it.

* * *

Our sweet boy: Lady Skettles loved him like a ——. Where's my pocket-handkerchief?

* * *

We have always been a family remarkable for effort, and consequently he is more than ever bound to make an effort.

* * *

I may be very foolish, and I have no doubt I am, but I cannot understand how your affairs can have got into this state.

* * *

There's a providence in everything; everything works for the best; I have been tried to-day, but, on the whole, I don't regret it.

* * *

We must expect change. It's a world of change. Why, my gracious me, what is there that does *not* change? Even the silkworm, who I am sure might be supposed not to trouble itself about such subjects, changes into all sorts of unexpected things continually.

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I have some self-respect left though you may think otherwise.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ." The concluding portion of this series will be printed in the Spring Number.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MISS BROBITY

By ALICE NEWCOMBE

WEDNESDAY.—Have just returned from a most enjoyable afternoon. Agnes accompanied me to see dear Mr. Sapsea dispose of poor Mrs. Curtin's effects; one feels sorry to see the little things all labelled, and everyone turning them over. I did so want the little work-table and wish I had mentioned it to Mr. Sapsea; but perhaps he would not think it right, and I am sure he is a very high principled man; but after all, it was a lot of money to pay. Mr. Sapsea was so splendid, and showed such a lot of feeling, but why did those people at the back laugh so much.

THURSDAY.—Miss Wood rather cross. I wanted to take Agnes to the auction-room, but Miss Wood refused to take her pupils. These two sisters are so different and Agnes does agree with me and know my feelings. I miss dear papa so very much.

FRIDAY.—Dear Mr. Sapsea came in for a talk and tea, and was so interesting in his summing-up of other countries and their peoples. I would like to travel, but think, like dear Mr. Sapsea, that everything English must be best.

SUNDAY.—I feel I can hardly write this, I am so shaken, but dear Mr. Sapsea has asked poor little me to be his wife; fancy me.

Mrs. Ethelinda Sapsea, it does sound nice. Poor dear Papa would have been so pleased; he always said, "Put mind first Ethelinda, and you will then be happy." So I know I shall be, dear Mr. Sapsea.

MONDAY.—We shall be married in six weeks. I know I shall be happy. Mr. Sapsea will make all the arrangements as I am too nervous.

[*Two months elapse.*]

WEDNESDAY. I am very tired, so will write here whilst dear Mr. Sapsea is at business. How nice my wedding-ring looks with the other one. I am getting quite used to it now. Mr. Sapsea tries to tell me how to bear up, but I feel shy when he looks so splendid, he gets so like the Dean, but much more impressive in every way. I feel I can never be thankful enough for all he has done for me, and I love his explanations of social affairs. I cannot think why Miss Wood does not come to see us. I thought she would like to sit with us and hear dear Mr. Sapsea talk. Agnes is always so interested, but Mr. Sapsea thinks Miss Wood thought she ought to have the opportunity of taking my establishment, and I wonder if that is correct. She is still Headmistress there and the pupils like her. I miss it all very much sometimes, but dear Mr. Sapsea knows what is best for me.

THURSDAY. I cannot find where I put my box that dear Papa gave me to keep my pocket-money in; surely I did not leave it at the school; first time I have thought of it.

I must have a new gown for the Dean's reception to walk with dear Mr. Sapsea. I will tell Mr. Sapsea at tea, and I know he will give me the money at once.

FRIDAY. Mr. Sapsea thinks my wedding gown will be right to wear at the Dean's reception. I suppose he is right, and I am not yet used to having my gowns chosen, but he must know best.

MONDAY. I feel I am very ungrateful, but I must have some money for myself. Dear Papa said my school was my own, if he passed away, and he was always right. Mr. Sapsea says that it is proper for a husband to have full control of all property, in fact, it is the Law. I know I signed a lot of papers for dear Mr. Sapsea the day we were married I do wish I understood when business is discussed, but Mr. Sapsea

says no woman can do that. I am not sure, but I think Miss Wood can.

WEDNESDAY.—A few friends of Mr. Sapsea are dining here to-morrow, and everything must be of the best. Oh dear, I am afraid I am no good at housekeeping, and will have to let cook order, she knows dear Mr. Sapsea's likings, but I think she drinks the port. I wonder if I had better tell him—but I do not want to make him cross again, even breakfast was not right.

FRIDAY.—Mr. Sapsea approved of the dinner, it was good, but I think the gentlemen drink a lot of port but Mr. Sapsea says it does not affect his head, he can always do business. Mr. Sapsea says I shall have an allowance, as now I have no money of my own ; married ladies only have what their husbands give to them. I do wish dear Papa was here to explain. I am afraid Mr. Sapsea was impatient when I could not understand. I wonder if I could ask Miss Wood. I do want a new gown now that she has such a beautiful one.

MONDAY.—I am not at all well and Mr. Sapsea is cross, as at breakfast the coffee and toast were not right. Miss Wood and Agnes are coming to tea so it will cheer me up. Mr. Sapsea will be out on business, and I can have a long talk with Miss Wood.

TUESDAY.—Miss Wood and Agnes did not come to tea, Mr. Sapsea called there and said I was not well enough for visitors. I wonder why ? ; he did not tell me.

THURSDAY.—I heard two of my former friends talking in a shop about Mr. Sapsea and myself. I cannot yet believe all they said, and he could not have married me for my money ; he has plenty and he is not conceited ; he is very clever I think, but I wonder why they talk like that of Mr. Sapsea. I must try and think it all out ; oh dear my head is aching.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY.—It is eight weeks since I last wrote in this, and so much has happened. I am not at all happy now, but I have learnt not to show my feelings as I used to do. I can always wait now till Mr. Sapsea is out and then have a good laugh at his behaviour—yes—he is conceited and tries to get everyone to think he is clever. I do not think he is a bit like the dear Dean now, tho' he thinks he is. I am not well, but Mr. Sapsea does not know that I have found him out. He *has not been out of England*, so how *can* he know about other countries. Dear Papa could talk about the people and places he had seen in France, but Mr. Sapsea only imagines it all. Miss Wood told me she feared I was much deceived, but Mr. Sapsea acted his part very well. I shall not write here any more, but am sure I can deceive Mr. Sapsea as he deceived me, he will think I am still his adorer to the end, which will not be long now.

O Thou Humbug.

URIAH HEEP'S ONE ADMIRER

The reputed house of Uriah Heep is demolished ; the good old dame who lived there was very proud of the "old gentleman" who had been its former occupier . . . She would never believe Uriah was not a real person ; Fred Barnard's drawing which used to hang upon her wall was a great comfort to her ; "stands to reason there was such a gentleman," she would say. She was the one admirer of Uriah Heep I have ever met.—ALBERT COOLE, Littlebourne, Canterbury.

EVER TOPICAL DICKENS

"Miss Wren . . . by the light of her low fire—carefully banked up with dry cinders that it might last the longer and waste the less when she was out."—*Our Mutual Friend.* Book III, chap. 2.

PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *DOMBEY AND SON*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

(*Continued from page 221, volume xxxviii*)

The illustrations marked with an asterisk (*) are the eight specially selected by Dickens for inclusion in the Charles Dickens edition of 1867.

III.—The Plates

1. Title-page Vignette.—On the title-page of the first edition appears a vignette that in later editions is often placed with Chapter XXXIX. The objects on the walls are slightly rearranged when compared with other pictures of the little parlour, but most of them can be recognised, especially the bit of seaweed by the barometer; perhaps Phiz, in drawing his background, thought a man of Cuttle's associations would rather trust seaweed than the scientific instrument as a prognosticator of rain or dry weather. Observe how Rob's legs are twisted round the chair-legs in his agonies of wrestling with difficult words. Observe also that Cuttle's hook is on his left arm although we are distinctly told by Dickens that his right hand was missing. This is probably due to Phiz having drawn it correctly on the copper-plate, and, of course, it would be reversed in printing.

2. Miss Tox introduces The Party.—"Mrs. Chick is like D." wrote Dickens to Forster, but Dombey does not appear until the next illustration. Phiz has followed the text very closely and gives us the knob on the keystone of the bridge of Miss Tox's "stupendously aquiline" nose; we also see the blister on the Biler's nose with a little bit of sticking-plaster on it. Toodles is a good study of a stoker's self-consciousness on wearing his best clothes, which sit on him "negligently." The chandelier "muffled in holland looked like a monstrous tear" (see Chapter III).

3. The Dombey Family.—This is Dombey's first portrait (see Introductory); he is of course fingering his heavy gold watch-chain. Florence "timidly presented herself . . . pressing her hands hard together." The nervous concern on Richards's face as to the reception of her suggestion that Florence should play with the baby is well expressed. Taken as a whole the picture, as a study of different temperaments, is a decided success.

4. The Christening Party. Concerning this plate Dickens wrote to Forster: "Browne seems to be getting on well. He will have a good subject in Paul's christening." All the details in the text are included; the presence of a "water-fall" marks the absence of a fire, and Mr. Chick, pinched up with the cold and looking anything but "perfectly comfortable," keeps his hands in his trousers pockets and purses up his mouth ready to whistle "tiddle tol toor rul." Florence engages Paul's attention while Mr. Pitt looks down from the bookcase. Mr. Dombey in his stiff way is apparently shewing the baby "the pretty tick-tick."

5. Polly rescues the Charitable Grinder. This is one of Phiz's happily conceived crowds, with a background of his own imagining, including a coach (apparently he has not made up his mind on which side of a liveried servant's hat the cockade should be worn) and in the distance, emblematic of the main subject, is a crowd of boys engaged in bull-baiting. The Nipper nurses little Paul, with Florence full of terror and ready to be lost. Rob's short legs are not due to bad drawing, but to a close adherence to the text.

*6. Paul and Mrs. Pipchin. This plate caused an explosion. Dickens had written to Forster: "the best subject for Browne will be at Mrs. Pipchin's . . . a quiet, odd thing would be very good for the

story. I earnestly hope he will think it worth a little care." No doubt Dickens had in mind his own childhood, for one of his letters to Forster says: "I hope you will like Mrs. Pipchin's establishment. It is from the life and I was there—I don't suppose I was eight years old; but I remember it all as well, and certainly understood it as well, as I do now." When he saw Phiz's picture he wrote to Forster "I am really *distressed* by the illustration of Mrs. Pipchin and Paul. It is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark. Good Heaven! in the commonest and most literal construction of the text, it is all wrong . . . He [Paul] ought to be sitting in a little arm-chair down in a corner of the fireplace staring up at her. I can't say what pain and vexation it is to be so utterly misrepresented . . ." And yet, except that Paul is in a child's raised chair instead of a little arm-chair Phiz seems to have read the text with care and has portrayed the details with remarkable accuracy. "Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose and a hard grey eye . . . wore black bombazine . . . in the window was a collection of plants in pots . . . half a dozen specimens of cactus writhing round bits of lath, another specimen shooting out broad claws like a green lobster . . . one uncomfortable flower-pot hanging to the ceiling which appeared to have boiled over." Poor Dickens; one must conclude that he expected to see a real reproduction of Mrs. Roylance's actual parlour in Little College Street.

7. Captain Cuttle consoles his Friend.—Again a close adherence to the text including the contents of Cuttle's plate chest: the two teaspoons, the sugar-tongs and silver watch, suggesting the many uses to which they were to be put during the story. The background is Phiz's own and shews specimens of the stock as enumerated in Chapter IV, but from his imagination he includes a signal gun on the floor by the side of a ship's bell, a globe, and the bit of seaweed mentioned in connection with the title-vignette.

8. Doctor Blimber's Young Gentlemen as they appeared when enjoying themselves.—This plate was the subject of an elaborate memorandum from Dickens to Browne himself instead of to Forster, so evidently Dickens placed some stress on its importance. But, nevertheless, although the "Doctor only takes ten young gentlemen," there are sixteen in the "crocodile." Which is Toots? Is he the tall young swell third from the end? And which are Briggs and Tozer? Observe that all have straps to their trousers; this was very fashionable at the time. All have the "largest possible shirt-collars and the stiffest possible cravats . . . so classical." Phiz's background is an effective Brighton Front, with an ancient form of bathing-machine with an immense hood in the middle distance, while in the foreground a couple of urchins are sky-larking as Phiz's own foil to the discipline of the young gentlemen. The Chain Pier erected 1823 and destroyed in a gale 1896 is faintly indicated.

9. Paul's Exercises.—This is rather a commonplace picture representing a furnished bedroom in a boarding house of the period. Note the primitive lighting by a single candle and the toilet jug, dressing-table, etc. As the house is Mrs. Pipchin's and as that lady would not have approved of Florence sitting up late, Phiz has put what looks like her portrait over the chimney-piece expressing decided dislike to the whole proceedings.

10. Paul goes Home for the Holidays.—Another of the crowds that Phiz manages so adroitly. Without particularising all the figures, it is worth while to point to little Paul's face—that of a sick child, while Florence, a graceful girl of thirteen, is adjusting his scarf as a preventive against chill. Mr. Feeder, B.A., is appropriately overshadowed by Dr. Blimber. The whiskered manservant is from his

dignity probably the butler who gave a winey flavour to the table beer he poured it out so superbly, and mingled porter with it to make Paul strong. In the background Phiz's own sense of fun is shewn by the three youngsters who are taking advantage of everyone else's preoccupation to raid the dish of ices and pastries carried by Melia.

*11. Profound Cogitation of Captain Cuttle.—Phiz has rightly set the glazed hat on Cuttle's head as he could do nothing important without it, although he refused to don his broad blue coat and waistcoat. Now he is thinking deeply: "When you see Ned Cuttle bite his nails, Wal'r, then you may know that Ned Cuttle's aground." The model frigate and the two huge shells are seen; and an addition is made to the surroundings by the two letters stuck in the frame of the mirror.

12. Poor Paul's Friend.—All girls of that time tenderly brought up occupied their time mostly with needlework, so we find Florence's "work" is needlework, for here is the work-box and a loop of cotton hanging from the table. The bust in the background is not Mr. Pitt, whose nose turned up, not down. Diogenes's chain lies on the ground, having been twisted round the leg of the table and (according to Phiz) has dragged off the table-cloth and upset the vase of flowers and thrown the book down. A prettily conceived picture with the light and shade nicely balanced.

13. The Wooden Midshipman on the Look Out.—A pretty street scene in London—perhaps a trifle too old for the Leadenhall Street of 1840, as not very many overhanging shop-fronts survived so late, especially as there is a bus in the distance with the conductor touting for fares, as well, also as a hot-pie woman and a messenger boy. It will be noticed that the roadway is cobbled; all instances of Phiz's care and thought.

14. Major Bagstock is Delighted to have that Opportunity.—Dickens wrote very minute directions to Browne about this picture, and begins his memorandum: "The subject is very important to the book, I should like to see your sketch of it if possible." The Native, however, is not mentioned in the text of the chapter. The background of Phiz's own is reminiscent of his visit to Leamington in 1838 with Dickens. It shews the fashionable inhabitants of a favourite watering-place, with an hotel (perhaps Copps's where he stayed with Dickens). Mrs. Skewton is equipped with a quizzing glass not mentioned in the text. The word "hotel" and the "u" in "Pump Room" are printed backwards; they would appear by a slip to be correct on the etched plate before printing. Another slip that Dickens ought to have seen is that Withers's hat is too smart; the text says he had "injured the shape of his hat by butting at the carriage with his head to urge it forward."

15. Mr. Toots becomes Particular—Diogenes also.—The hall of Dombey's house with Toots richly dressed for the occasion "in some of the greatest marvels that Burgess and Co. had ever turned out." Phiz evidently thought that Dombey's character was marble-like, for here we have another bust—name unknown. We have already seen Pitt and one other (in Florence's room).

*16. Solemn Reference is Made to Mr. Bunsby.—No two nautical characters could be more akin in appearance than the happily balanced Bunsby and Cuttle, save for the former's wandering eye "looking at the half-way house between London and Gravesend." Here is a further instance of forgetfulness on Phiz's part in putting Cuttle's hook on the wrong arm in etching the design.

17. Mr. Carker introduces himself to Florence and the Skettles Family.—A pastoral subject as a reminder that Fulham at the period of story was not all houses. Carker is on one of Phiz's finely drawn horses. The artist, with infinite guile, makes the horse shew his teeth as his master does. One may almost suspect that Carker

has his ears back as the horse has. Another exquisite touch that adds to the mental imagery in the drawing gives us the geese and the donkey in the background. The expressions on all five faces agree with the descriptions of them in the text.

*18. JOE B. IS SLY, SIR, DEVILISH SLY.—Dombey has " no great appetite to-day." Bagstock is surrounded by " every sauce and cruet." Observe the shape of the champagne glasses of the time. Respecting the Native, Dickens apparently did not like the first sketch he saw, for he writes to Browne: " First—I grieve to write it—the Native—who is so prodigiously good as he is—must be in European costume. He may wear ear-rings and look outlandish, and be dark brown, but his fashion must be of Moses, Mosesy. I don't mean Old Testament Moses, but him of the Minories. Secondly, if you can make the Major older and with a larger face—do." The present picture is the result. Dickens says nothing of the background in which Phiz has slily put a reproduction of C. R. Leslie's picture of Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman (the figures reversed from the original): " Do you see anything in my eye ? "

19. MR. DOMBEY INTRODUCES HIS DAUGHTER FLORENCE.—Florence enters with her bonnet in her hand, " pale and agitated," from a walk. The background, as usual, is a masterpiece. The house being in the decorators' hands, rolls of wallpaper are on the ground with a paste-brush ; the ladder with a pail of whitewash is in front of the bookcase on which Mr. Pitt is perched ; dustcloths cover the books and only half eclipse the first Mrs. Dombey's portrait. Dombey is trying to look benign, but he still fingers his heavy gold watch-chain.

20. THE EYES OF MRS. CHICK ARE OPENED TO LUCRETIA TOX.—A well-balanced and effective design. Phiz has managed Miss Tox's over-furnished room well, giving prominence to her plants (in a wire trough of a now obsolete pattern). On top of the piano is a cherub in china between two bull-dogs. (Is this emblematic of poor Miss Tox between Mrs. Chick and Bagstock with his double eye-glass ?) Neither Dickens nor Phiz seem to have noticed the unlucky mistake of endowing Miss Tox with a cabinet piano with a silk front in the centre of which is a metal lyre, whereas she should have an " obsolete harpsichord illuminated round the maker's name with a painted garland of sweet peas " (see Chapter VII). However, we do see a piece of music, probably the Bird Waltz, on the desk, while, again probably, the Copenhagen Waltz will be found in the Album on the music cabinet on the floor.

21. COMING HOME FROM CHURCH.—The interest of this picture is that it is almost all Phiz's creation, for except for the bells, the bands and the Punch-and-Judy, the text is in general terms only. But everything is there and most of the characters are recognisable. The thronging crowd is particularly good. With a real sense of drama, the artist has included a Peeler to control the crowd, and in the distance has a funeral, ominous in its suggestion.

*22. A VISITOR OF DISTINCTION.—A really happy title for Rob the Grinder's worship of the Game Chicken in the shop, while Mr. Toots imparts the dread tidings to Cuttle in the parlour at the back.

23. THE REJECTED ALMS.—Here we have a conventional scene from melodrama, comprising an old hag, very haggy and witch-like ; an indignant heroine, very handsome and very fierce ; a simple, kindly, but surprised elderly gentleman ; his virtuous shrinking sister. The background carries on the illusion, for the " poor small house " is built apparently of cardboard, and the " homely flowers trained about the porch " are manifestly cut out of paper and linen and distempered. As the time is shortly before midnight the scene is darkened for wind and rain, but one seems to feel the glow of subdued footlights.

(To be concluded)

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN WAR-TIME

II

BATH (No. 81).—As we enter the fourth year of the War, it is pleasurable to look back on the past three years and see how well our activities have been maintained. In spite of the difficulties of the black-out, reading circles have been held on alternate Monday evenings during the session, excepting the two darkest months of the year, December and January.

Social evenings with musical programmes arranged by Mrs. Pullen Candy and dramatic sketches produced by Mrs. Florence Vassall (this year's President) have marked the opening and closing of each session, and two papers, " Pickwick and Bath " (illustrated by lantern slides) and " The Humour and Pathos of Dickens," read by Alderman T. Sturge Cottrell gave much enjoyment, as also did one entitled " Dickens the Historian," given by Mr. F. W. G. Thomas.

During the summer months rambles in Bath and the surrounding districts have been organised by Mr. F. Mills (Treasurer), and they formed a pleasant means of keeping members in touch with one another. St. Catherine's Court, a fine Tudor mansion, the fourteenth century manor of Westwood, and Widcombe Manor, the beautiful home of Mr. H. A. Vachell, have been visited. This year has been marred by the brutal enemy attack on the city, which resulted in the death while fire watching, of one old and valued member, Mr. Alexander Macdougall, and in much damage to the homes of others. However, in common with all the raided cities, Bath is recovering with a rapidity that would dismay the enemy, and the Bath branch commenced its fourth and, we hope, final war-time session on September 14th, when, at the invitation of the President, members foregathered for a social evening at the Pump Room.

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BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—We have held our meetings in the afternoons, and have managed to keep together very well. We had a very successful session last year, and hope for such another this year.

The first meeting of the season took the form of a Luncheon and Whist Drive at Booth's Café on Thursday, October 1st. The guests were received by the President (Miss M. Garner). An excellent luncheon was provided, and a Whist Drive followed. War worries and other worries were for the time forgotten so thoroughly did everyone enjoy the afternoon.

We have a very good syllabus of 14 meetings, and hope for a successful session.

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CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Throughout the Session 1941-42 meetings were held monthly, though these were on Saturday afternoons, instead of the pre-war Friday evenings. The programme was varied—papers, readings, dramatic sketches, all of a high standard, and what was most pleasing, sufficient talent was found within the Branch to provide these programmes.

Several Whist Drives were held, and these yielded funds for our charitable work, which included Hospital Cot, Poor Children's Christmas Boot Fund, Merchant Seamen's Relief Fund, and Lifeboat Fund.

To celebrate Dickens's Birthday a tea and whist drive gave the members an opportunity to keep his memory green.

The ladies have been busy knitting for the Forces, or at the many canteens in the town, while the men are Home Guards or A.R.P. workers.

Already the Branch has opened another session, which, considering the difficulties of the times, promises to be successful.

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EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—We are affiliated with the Local Red Cross and our lady members have done a large amount of knitting. Last autumn the Branch got up a social to raise money, and the members filled several " Ditty " bags for the Merchant Marine. At Christmas we held a Party and collected money, a large quantity of clothing, toys and useful articles, new and used. We also took care of a worthy poor family, and gave everything necessary for their comfort and welfare, including special cod-liver oil for the baby. We also arranged a broadcast of *A Christmas Carol* by the British Guest Children of our city.

The annual Birthday banquet on February 7th was one of the best we have ever held; there were 87 present.

Our general programme for the season has consisted of the reading and study of *A Tale of Two Cities*. There have been dramatisations by our members; debates by High School students; a talk by a University honour student in History; and lantern lectures, social evenings, etc., completed a very enjoyable and profitable season, with a sense of something accomplished.

We are scheduled to commence the 1942-43 season on October 6th, and look forward to enjoying another season of Fellowship.

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MANCHESTER (No. 4).—We are still meeting monthly for eight months in the year —on Friday evenings in the lighter months and Saturday afternoons in mid-winter. Already in the present Season we have enrolled eight new members.

We are following our usual routine of short papers, lectures, dramatic performances, etc., but the Birthday has been celebrated during the War by a Luncheon instead of our usual presentation for four nights of a dramatisation of one of Dickens's novels, the proceeds of which are sent to local charities.

(*Continued on cover opposite*)